

# COLLIER'S

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DRAWN BY ALBERT E. STERNER



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# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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THE SESSION OF CONGRESS WHICH CLOSED early in the month will not be remembered by any very distinguished action unless the expenditure of about \$900,000,000 is remarkable. But the country has got past surprises of this nature. Congress passed the irrigation bill and a sort of isthmian canal bill, but it did nothing to relieve Cuba, it dodged the trust issue, and even in the innocent matter of the repression of anarchy it permitted its ardor to cool and left the various bills relating to this subject to die by inattention. It is not a record to be particularly proud of, but we are not sure it is a dangerous one for the party in power. Except in the matter of denying help to Cuba, the offences have not stirred popular indignation. At worst they are sins of omission. Besides, they have given the party's leader a chance to reveal himself in a position of opposition to the politicians, and that is not a bad thing for the party.

SENATOR ELKINS OF WEST VIRGINIA, WHO WILL count among his claims to grateful public remembrance the fact that he led the Senate cabal that prevented relief for Cuba, offered, toward the close of the session, a bill providing for the annexation of Cuba. There was logic in the morality of this proposition. Having cast aside our sentimental obligation to make independence something more than an equivalent of starvation for the island, the next step ought to be to take away the independence. It is unfortunate that the Senator from West Virginia introduced the measure at a time when there was no possible chance that the Senate could act upon it. Otherwise the country might have seen whether the beet sugar lobby is as ingenious for constructive as for destructive legislation. Of course these philanthropists would welcome the competition of fellow countrymen.

THE WARLIKE FEELING WHICH PREVAILS IN Washington broke out again in the Senate chamber the other day, when Senator Bailey of Texas "committed an assault and battery" on Senator Beveridge of Indiana. The provocation of the assault was one that would seem trivial north of the Ohio and east of the Rockies. In the course of a debate Mr. Beveridge had said that some statement of Mr. Bailey's was unwarranted. Even the ancient Piston would not consider this the countercheck quarrelsome. But it inflamed the Texan blood of Mr. Bailey. After the session he descended on the Senator from Indiana, and demanded an apology. When the apology was refused he made an eager and partly successful attempt to choke his colleague. He was ignominiously driven off by Senator Spooner of Wisconsin, a meagre man of the law. Mr. Bailey seems to rather glory in his shame, but one can hardly believe the fracas is much to his credit or even understand why he should have attempted the weazens of his learned friend, unless, both being of the class known as boy orators, there was jealousy lurking in his anger. Things are coming to a pretty pass in this body if a Senator may not indulge in the ordinary acerbities of civilized debate without running the risk of having his head punched or his cravat dislocated. The Senate needs a policeman.

THE POSTPONED CORONATION CEREMONY WILL take place some time in the fall. But the false start has taken the spirit out of it. The heart of the London tradespeople is broken; the moths will be in the ermine by September; the borrowed jewels will go back to Bond Street and the banks and stock market will claim the American millionaire who promised to be one of the sights of the festival. Directly it was announced that the Coronation was put off, the princes and ambassadors and special representatives fled for their homes without taking time to apologize to dreary old London for the contemptuous haste of their departure. The King's illness has been almost a catastrophe for the trade of that highly commercial community. Millions of pounds had been spent and the shopkeepers were rubbing their hands in gleeful expectation of its return, each guinea bringing another with it. The next essay will be more prudent. As for the American visitors, who began going to London last winter for fear the King might steal a march on them and be crowned early, their sufferings are too poignant to be invaded at this moment. We grieve for them, and for all foolish people everywhere.

THE TREATMENT OF THE KING OF ENGLAND for appendicitis—for that, in spite of the confusion of medical tongues, was apparently what ailed him—was in accord with the American practice, which English surgeons generally regard with fear and awe. Sir Frederick Treves,

who is a progressive man and in sympathy with the American and German schools, was the operator, and he was as successful as might have been expected. But the delay in operating and the carelessness in permitting the royal patient to travel, take exercise and eat heavy food after the appearance of the first serious symptoms were quite characteristically British. Only in the matter of good taste the attending surgeons showed an example to their American brethren. The bulletins were both discreet and modest. They gave none of the hideous details which some people seem to demand when a public man is stricken, and there was little of the blowing of horns that characterized another surgical operation in which the American people were interested recently. We have yet to learn what possible good can come from publishing the temperature and pulse of the patient, the amount of nourishment he could take, and still other details even more intimate and less pleasing. These facts, if made public at all, belong in the columns of the medical journals. There ought to be some privacy for the sick-room even in a palace.

ON JUNE 28 AT BERLIN THE REPRESENTATIVES of Germany, Austria and Italy signed the renewal of the Triple Alliance for another six years. This action was inevitable. Hope lingered in France that Italy might withdraw. The French Government, through its clever ambassador at Rome, had succeeded in diminishing the old feud between the two Latin countries to the extent of softening the tariff regulations that all Americans who have ever encountered the customs brigands of Latin Europe will recall with anguish. But the renewal was nevertheless a foregone conclusion. The Italians fear the French; the Germans are good business as well as good political partners; and while the Alliance puts a sad burden upon Italy, there is no hope for that country except to bear it or face the danger of more serious troubles. Whether the treaty will be prolonged after six years, when the flood of racial antipathies in Austria-Hungary is released by the death of the Emperor, when Germany has realized her ambition to make her navy as strong relatively as her army and the assistance of the Italian navy becomes a matter of secondary importance to her, and when the constant oppression of the military tax has driven the Lombardy tenant farmer to a point of desperation, we gladly leave to "Ignotus," "Diplomaticus," and other political philosophers whose conjectures are always amusing and nearly always wrong.

ONE OF THE MOST COMMENDABLE CHARITABLE gifts that has been made public in a long time will go down in the recording angel's book to Mr. John M. Burke, a retired South American merchant of New York. He has given his entire fortune, amounting to \$4,000,000, to establish an institution for the care of the worthy poor, particularly of poor convalescents. The terms of the gift are admirable. The founder, recognizing the delays that are the curse of organized charity everywhere, specifies that "the methods to be used, so far as they are consistent with propriety, shall be as expeditious as possible," and he guards against another evil by empowering the trustees to make a moderate charge to patients, which may be considered as a loan to be repaid without interest and without security.

VERY HEAVY RAINS IN THE EARLY PART OF the month severely injured the wheat crop and virtually wiped out the corn crop. At least, that is the idea that seemed to prevail among the farmers of the Chicago grain market. To the open-air farmers it seemed different. Chicago has been destroying their crops at least twice a year for forty years, but they go on, with the kindly aid of sun and rain, to raise a great lot of corn, wheat, oats, barley and other comestibles for man and beast. Last year, for example, it was confidently predicted that the corn crop would amount to less than 900,000,000 bushels. It turned out over 1,500,000,000 bushels. It is harder than some people imagine to destroy or even noticeably injure the grain crops of this profuse country. In some years there is less than in others, but there is always a good deal. The reports have served to animate speculation in the "pit" where one set of gamblers is busy attempting to ravish a fortune from another coterie. But the incident is not important to persons who don't take an interest in such manly exercises. No ox or shoat is liable to go hungry because of this struggle.

THE LAST TOUCH WAS GIVEN TO THE PEACE in South Africa when General Cronje took the oath of allegiance. What a host of surmises and conjectures arises at the mention of that name! Cronje's defeat was the fatal

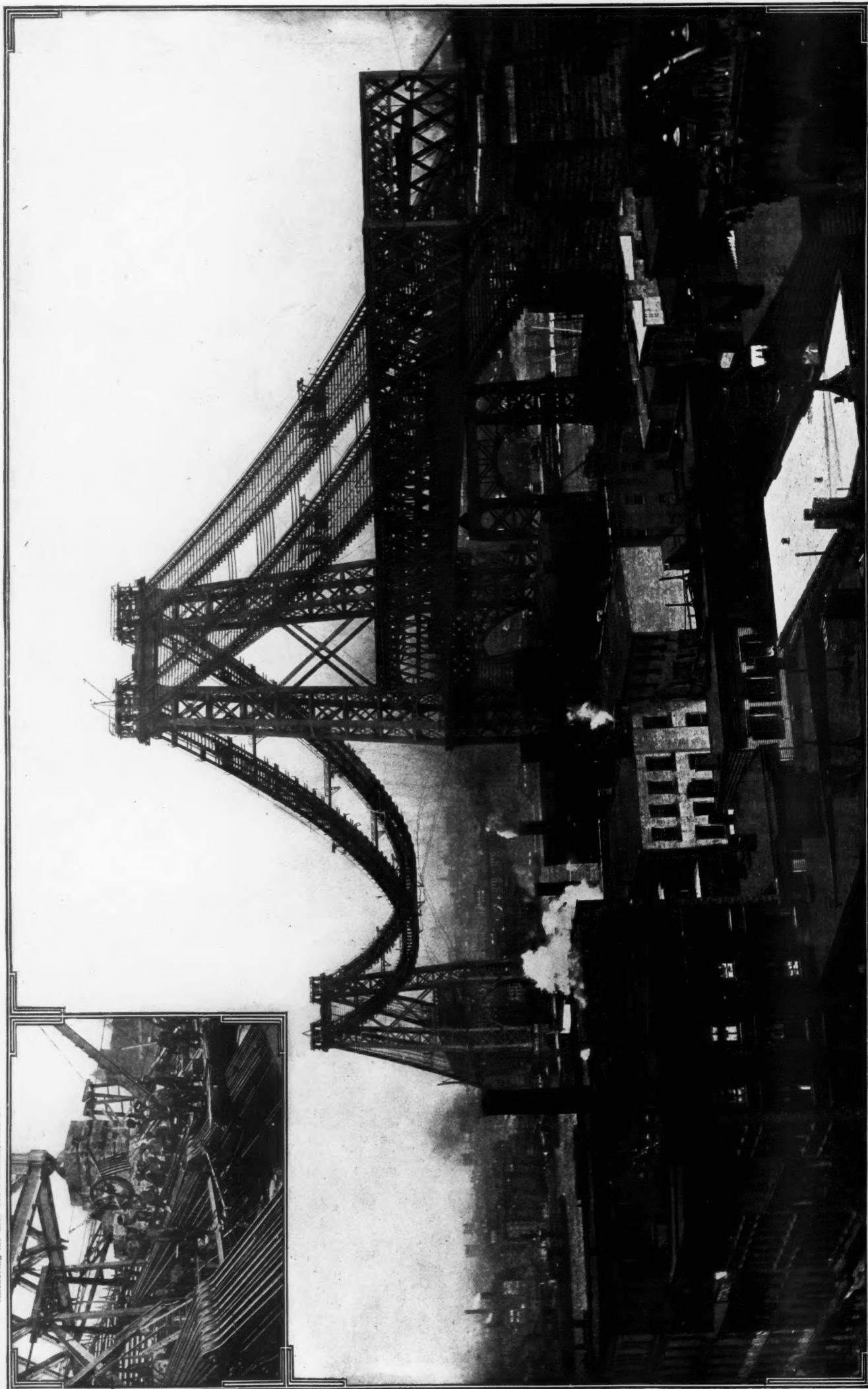
blow for the Boer cause. If he had followed sane advice he might have escaped with his command; but the notion was firmly fixed in his obstinate Dutch brain that the English would never leave the railway line. When they did come "across lots" they caught him in a trap from which escape was a sheer impossibility. After his downfall the occupation of Pretoria was merely a matter of marching up and taking possession. If Cronje had been a different sort of man, and intelligent as well as plucky; if Delarey, Botha or De Wet had been in his place, who knows what might have happened? But they weren't. Cronje, Delarey, Botha, De Wet are now British subjects. Let us hope they will enjoy in peace such fruits of glory as fall to the vanquished. Mr. Krüger, it is said, has refused the permission offered by the British Government to return to his native land. Poor old man, he will die among strangers! Little is said in the despatches about Mr. Steyn, to our way of thinking one of the most intelligent and self-sacrificing of the whole band. He seems to have dropped completely out of sight for the present, but, unless the war has wrecked his courage as it has destroyed his fortune, he will be heard from again in the politics of South Africa.

SOMETHING IS HAPPENING IN HAYTI. WE ARE, not sure what. Indeed, we may never know exactly. In a general way we are informed that two ebon candidates for the Presidency are chasing each other around the island; that the navy is for M. Firmin and would do effective work if the oars were in better condition; that the army supports General Alexis Nord, but he is expected to desert. There has been a good deal of street fighting. The gunboat *Marietta* has sailed for Cape Hayti to protect American interests. Ultimately, after a great deal of blood has been shed—for these Haytien revolutions are no operatic performances of war, but brutal riots—one or the other of the two candidates, or perhaps a third, a dark or darker horse, will take the illustrious station and all will be well, and hot and filthy and disagreeable, in Hayti. It is not easy to stir up a great enthusiasm over that dreadful island, or its murderous revolutions, or its strange black people. Let us hope and pray that no burst of imperialism may ever hitch Hayti to this Union.

THE BUSINESS OF A CORRESPONDENT TAKES HIM into queer places. One of the correspondents of COLLIER'S WEEKLY is now in jail. We mention this fact, not with pride, but as a matter of contemporary interest. Colonel Arthur Lynch, whose letters to this paper from South Africa (where he served in the Boer army) our readers will recall with pleasure, was elected a member of Parliament for Galway. He went to London to take his seat and was promptly arrested for treason. His offence consisted in joining the enemies of the government while he was still a subject of the King. What his defence will be has not been made public. It will be seen from this bare presentation of facts that Colonel Lynch goes to jail, not because he is a correspondent of COLLIER'S, but because he is an Irishman. At the same time we may be permitted to express the wish that his bed will be soft and that he will soon receive the benefits of the amnesty and join his friends in the House of Commons. He is a good correspondent and a brave, if unlucky, soldier. We present a picture of the colonel in the dock.

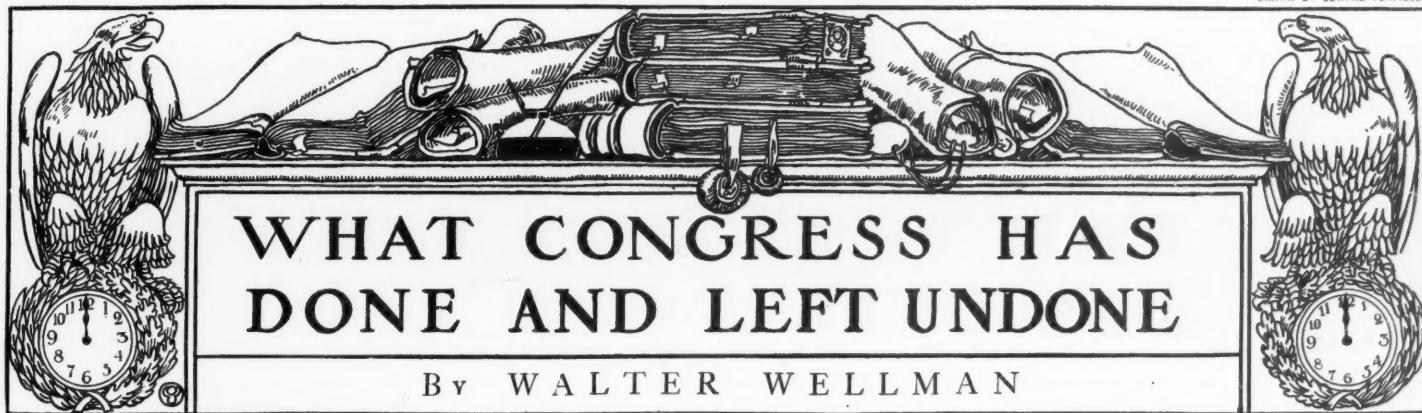
A WELL-KNOWN NEW YORK LAWYER AND politician has caused some heartburnings among the "kings of finance" by his disclosures of alleged irregularities in various consolidations of gas companies and in the formation of the great tobacco trust. According to Mr. Bourke Cockran, the "kings" have displayed a truly royal disregard for the property rights of small stockholders in their companies, treating them not as partners at all but as dependents whose goods and chattels were subject to the royal will and who ought to be thankful if the master did not seize the entire holding. Whatever Mr. Cockran's purpose may have been in agitating this subject, the public has some reason to be displeased with the manner of lofty indifference now customary among large stockholders toward their minority associates. Much is said about the widow and the orphan when corporations are attacked from the outside, but in times of mergers and reorganizations the widow and the orphan can shift for themselves. If this form of business enterprise, so attractive to bold financiers, becomes more fashionable, what is to happen to that security of investments about which we hear so much? What chance is there for the person of moderate means who owns a few shares of stock?

Anchoring the Last Cable Strand, June 27



## THE NEW EAST RIVER BRIDGE AFTER FOUR YEARS OF WORK

PICTURE BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, JAMES H. HARE  
On June 27, the last strand of the cables was carried across the river and anchored in place. It was a nine-minute ceremony—the time required to convey the wire by reel from Manhattan to the Brooklyn side—and was celebrated by the sirens of river craft and by the cheers of thousands of sightseers alongshore. This ended the most important and most expensive part of the work of construction—the spinning of the cables. Three days after the Roeblings laid the last of the 7,600 wires composing the four cables the American Bridge Company began work on the suspended structure, that is, the bridge proper between the towers.—(See page 23)



**W**HAT has Congress done during the session just closed? And what has it not done? Why has it done the things it did do? And why did it fail to do the others? To answer these questions is to write the political history of the United States for the last nine months. It is an interesting history. It is an important history. It is worth writing—and reading. In it we shall glimpse the trend of our republic in the first years of the century—a trend which promises mighty things in the near future; we shall see and feel the spirit of achievement, the spirit of doing, which is the dominant note of modern Americanism.

#### THE THREE GREAT MEASURES BEFORE CONGRESS

The three great Congressional acts of the winter were:

1. The Panama Canal law.
2. The Philippines Government law.
3. The Irrigation law.

Many other laws of considerable importance have been passed, but these three stand out pre-eminent. They are the acts which will leave the largest impress upon the future.

Without doubt the greatest achievement of the Congress during its recent session was the isthmian canal bill. A canal connecting the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans is now assured. In all probability it will be built by the Panama route. There is a remote possibility that it may be by the Nicaragua route. But a canal is assured. And the canal is the main thing. The isthmian canal which the people of the United States are to build is not only the greatest engineering project known to the history of the world, but it is the interference by human agency with the physical conformation of the earth's surface which will produce the most momentous consequences upon the future of transportation, commerce, the relations of peoples, upon civilization itself.

Nine months ago probably there were not more than a dozen men in the United States who thought there was a possibility of the construction of an isthmian canal by any other route than the Nicaragua. Members of the government commission which had investigated the subject were eight of these. Senator Hanna was another. The writer was one more. Substantially the entire country was for Nicaragua. That was the only route the people had ever given thought to. When they spoke of an isthmian canal they meant the one via Nicaragua. It is easy to understand why. For nearly a quarter of a century the French had been in possession of the other route. It was pre-empted, occupied. American attention turned naturally to the available route. When Captain Clark steamed the *Oregon* around Cape Horn that memorable voyage afforded the object-lesson which did more to convince the American people that they wanted an isthmian canal than all the agitation of the preceding half-century. That voyage appealed to sentiment, and all this sentiment centred naturally around the Nicaragua line.

#### THE UNDER-WORLD HISTORY OF THE CANAL BILL

At the suggestion of President McKinley, Congress had authorized an investigation of the Panama route. Mr. McKinley was never satisfied with the Nicaragua project. At least he was unwilling to have two or three hundred millions of American money poured into it before an effort had been made to ascertain that it was the best route. The commission of experts which investigated the subject in its broader aspect, including the Panama route in its inquiry for the first time, became satisfied of the superiority of that route. They wished to report in its favor. But they could not, at first, because the French Company, which held a concession covering the whole Panama isthmus, failed to offer satisfactory terms. In fact, no definite offer of any sort was made. Were the Commission to recommend that route they would simply "buy" the value of a property which the United States wished to buy. No one could expect shrewd Americans to do that. The Commission did not do it. They recommended Nicaragua, but at the same time made it clear they preferred the Panama route on physical conditions and that only the excessive estimate of the French Company barred the way. The French Company thought its property worth \$109,000,000. The Commission placed its value at \$40,000,000.

Then a remarkable thing happened. A private citizen of the United States sent a cablegram to a friend in Paris advising him that confidential information from the Commission and the Senate indicated that the American Government would buy on the Commission's terms of \$40,000,000. "Imperial no higher—act quickly," read the cablegram. Within forty-eight hours the French board had decided to offer their property at \$40,000,000. It was hard to come down from \$109,000,000 to \$40,000,000, and at that price sell a property into which their countrymen had sunk \$265,000,000, but \$40,000,000 is a great deal better than nothing. And nothing was what they stood to get if they failed to sell to the United States. With the Americans once at work in Nicaragua, the Panama property would not be worth forty cents.

Before this new offer of the Panama Company was officially received, the House of Representatives, urged on by sentiment, passed the Nicaragua bill by a nearly unanimous vote. But even then the sentiment was not anywhere near unanimous for the Nicaragua route. A Panama amendment received 102 votes against 170.

Immediately the whole aspect of the project was changed. The Canal Commission unanimously changed its recommendation from Nicaragua to Panama. It furnished ample data

demonstrating the superiority of the latter route. The Senate was asked to amend the House bill. At once there arose a great hue and cry. The persistent power of sentiment and prejudice was never better illustrated. All the facts, all the expert testimony, were for Panama, but many men would not or could not see them. Their passionate devotion to the old route blinded their eyes. They could not credit with sincerity any one who favored Panama. They were sure the transcontinental railroads were using this Panama scheme merely as a device for delay. They talked of a lobby, of corruption; they saw ghosts. They were bitter at the outset and they were bitter all the way through. They were stubborn, too, and, under the leadership of Senator Morgan, they contested every step of the ground.

But the American people are above all things a practical people. They know a hawk from a handsaw. Slowly but surely the superiority of the Panama route made headway in the press, in the public mind, in Congress. Mr. Hanna took the lead in the Senate. This was a great business question, and he was a business man. His unique personality drew attention to the facts, and the eloquence of the facts did the rest. For the first time in many years we saw votes made in the Senate by speeches. Almost always speeches are absolutely useless so far as effect upon the Senate is concerned. They are intended to exert influence elsewhere. But it is acknowledged by every one that Hanna's speeches made votes. Last December there were not more than a half-dozen Senators for Panama. When the vote was finally taken it stood 42 for Panama to 34 for Nicaragua, and the whole Senate divided, including pairs, 47 to 39, with two men neither voting nor paired. By the overwhelming vote of 259 to 8 the House agreed. A canal law was enacted. The President signed it. There will be a canal.

For this result Mr. Hanna is entitled to the chief credit. It could not have been attained without him. Senator Spooner gave invaluable aid to his bill, which cleverly places the executive power where it belongs, in the hands of the President. Panama is named as the first choice of Congress, and the President is empowered to secure the necessary title and concessions; if he cannot do so he is to have recourse to the Nicaragua route—the best way in the world, the reader will observe, to make sure of getting satisfactory arrangements for Panama. Senator Bacon contributed the idea of having an isthmian canal commission of seven members to take charge of the great enterprise, the theory being that the project is too vast and complicated for the Secretary of War to handle along with all his other great responsibilities. Senator Fairbanks suggested the issue of \$130,000,000 "popular" bonds to pay for the construction of the canal, to be issued from time to time as needed, this amendment being based upon the theory that as it is posterity that is to reap the benefits of the canal posterity should pay a large share of the cost. The payments of \$40,000,000 to the French Company and of several millions to Colombia for the concession are to be made out of the Treasury and not from the proceeds of bonds, and Congress has already appropriated \$10,000,000 for these latter purposes.

Heretofore Nicaragua canal bills have passed the House of Representatives. Such bills have also passed the Senate. But no bill ever passed both Houses in the same Congress and became a law. Now that the great feat has been achieved, there is a widespread feeling that Congress has done well. It has authorized a canal, and by the best route. Next winter a treaty with Colombia should be ratified, the French property should be purchased and the Canal Commission should be organized. Before the end of 1903 actual work upon the great waterway should be in progress.

#### "KELLARIZING" WITH THE PHILIPPINES BILL

In the Philippines government bill an important step has been taken toward establishing a civil government in that archipelago. Consideration of this measure gave rise to the most sensational debate heard in Congress in many years. For a time the country's attention was riveted upon the Senate chamber, where Republican and Democratic debaters were hurling backward and forward the Filipino ping-pong ball. Both General Miles and Admiral Dewey were in one way or another mixed up in the fracas, while personal feuds followed party warfare and a veteran military officer was at one time threatened with compulsory retirement by the President. Mr. Roosevelt and nearly every other man of importance in the country bore a hand in the discussion, and for some months public interest was kept at white heat.

But in the end the Republicans passed their bill. It is an elaborate measure, too complicated for analysis here. Enough to say that it provides the means of taking a census of the archipelago in preparation for the more general introduction of local self-government, makes provision for disposal of the public lands, enables capital and enterprise to open up the resources of the islands, opens the way to a removal of the friars and to a public disposition of the lands held by them; a currency provision failed to pass. By the Senate bill, which in general prevailed over the House measure, no provision was made at this time for a Filipino legislature, such as the House voted for. But it is admitted by all that a Filipino legislature will come in time. In short, the great American Republic is slowly but surely establishing, or trying to establish, in its Asiatic empire, a self-governing colony from which military rule may be in time wholly withdrawn. When the session of Congress came to an end peace was general in the Philippines, insurrection troubles were reported only in

sporadic form, a general political amnesty was proclaimed, the government announced the turning over of the whole archipelago to civil rule, and the outlook for a real peace and a fair opportunity to test the efficacy and beneficence of American control was brighter than it had been at any other time since the troops of Aguilando and the United States clashed outside the walls of Manila more than three years ago.

#### THE CONGRESSIONAL HOSE TURNED ON THE ARID WEST

In the irrigation bill, the first great step was taken toward reclamation, under government auspices, of the arid and semi-arid lands of the West. The Western people who for years have carried on an agitation for this legislation say they could not now have attained success but for the aid which President Roosevelt gave them. "A great thing it is," they say, "to have a Western man in the White House." According to the plan adopted the reclamation enterprise is to be self-supporting. Proceeds of the sales of arid and semi-arid lands are to be put in a revolving construction fund, and with it and its proceeds the Secretary of the Interior is authorized to build irrigation works. The lands are reserved for actual settlers only under the homestead law. As the total cost of each improvement is charged against the land, to be paid in ten equal yearly instalments, it follows that the more the government expends in works the more money it will receive from the settlers on the lands. Thus the fund will grow. At the end of ten years it is estimated that \$25,000,000 will be available, at the end of twenty years \$50,000,000, and so on till all of the arid and semi-arid lands in the great West shall have been reclaimed. Millions upon millions of acres will thus be brought under cultivation. It is a scheme to create a new arable empire in the United States—"a hinterland at home," as the Dutch call it.

It is needful only to mention other important laws of the session, such as the anti-anarchy bill, an experiment in American criminal jurisprudence (which failed in conference); the Chinese exclusion act; the immigration law; the oleomargarine law; war tax repeal; the river and harbor bill; the omnibus public building bill.

Volumes could be written of the proposed laws which failed. Most important among these was Cuban reciprocity. All winter that measure was under discussion. The public has not yet forgotten the various skirmishes and battles of the campaign, which finally ended in defeat of the Roosevelt Administration after the President had sent to Congress a most emphatic special message urging action. It may not be generally known that the actual explanation of this defeat is not to be found in the attitude of the eighteen Republican Senators who stood out against concessions to Cuba. It is found, rather, in the indifference and apathy of the remaining thirty-seven Republican Senators. Had the latter forced the fighting they could have won. But they did not force the fighting because only a small number of them were really in earnest, and because of the fear that if action were insisted upon and taken it would prove to be passage of the bill which the Republican insurgents and Democrats together had put through the House—a bill striking out the differential duty on refined sugar. Republican protectionists regarded that duty as one of the keystones of the protection system and they would not take the risk of having it pulled away.

Defeat of Cuban reciprocity was nominally a defeat for the President, but his friends claim that it has greatly strengthened him before the country. It is historically accurate to say Roosevelt inherited this obligation from McKinley, who had promised the Cubans commercial relief. Roosevelt did all he could to redeem the pledge, and the responsibility for failure rests upon Republican legislators, a few of whom were moved by hostility to the President rather than by economic or political principle.

#### A MARIAGE DE CONVENIENCE FOR THE PEARL OF THE ANTILLES

In Cuba, the effect has been disastrous to the friendship for the United States which was so strong about the time the island was turned over to the Palma Government. The Cubans feel that they have been tricked and deceived. They believe it is the deliberate purpose of the United States to withhold commercial relief from them in order to force the island into annexation. A treaty between the United States and Cuba embracing the Platt or "suzerainty" amendment has not yet been exchanged, and in the present state of Cuban bitterness it is believed it will not be. President Palma's task in Cuba has been made vastly more difficult by the alleged bad faith of the American Government.

In this country the failure of Cuban reciprocity may also have serious political consequences. It is to be made an issue in the coming campaign. The Democrats of the House held a caucus in the closing days of the session and "arraigned" the Republicans for their subserviency to the trusts. They are evidently preparing to accept ex-President Cleveland's advice and make the tariff and the trusts the basis of their appeal to the country. They will try to convince the people that whenever tariff revision of any sort is proposed the Republican party is powerless to act because it is dominated by the trusts and high tariff combinations. The Republicans meet this with talk of the general prosperity of the country; but the very day that the Democrats of the House arraigned the Republicans for their failure to give reciprocity

## THE STRIKE OF THE ANTHRACITE COAL MINERS



Men and Boys chasing a non-union Man at Wilkesbarre



The Barbed-wire Fence surrounding the Collieries



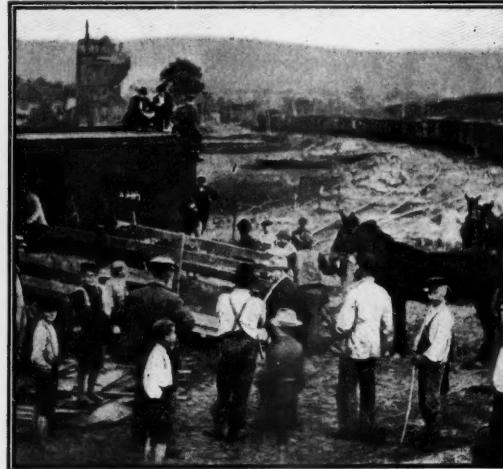
Men and Boys picking Coal from Culm Banks



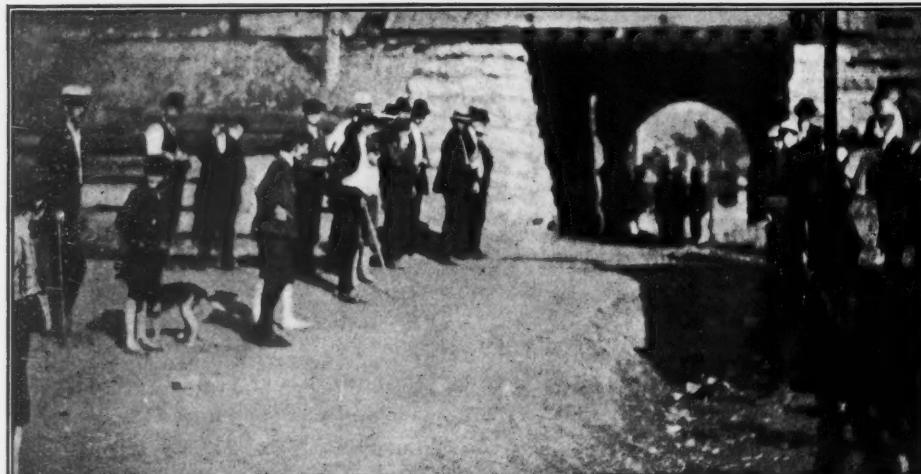
A Mining Village, showing Effigies strung on Wires



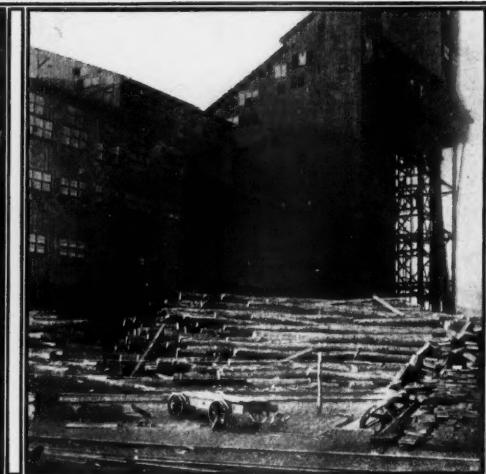
President John B. Mitchell of the Miners' Union



Shipping Mules of the Susquehanna Coal Company to Pasture



A Crowd of Men and Boys ready to "interview" a non-union Worker on his way home



Breaker barricaded with Logs and surrounded by Barbed Wire



A Group of Officers of the Miners' Association



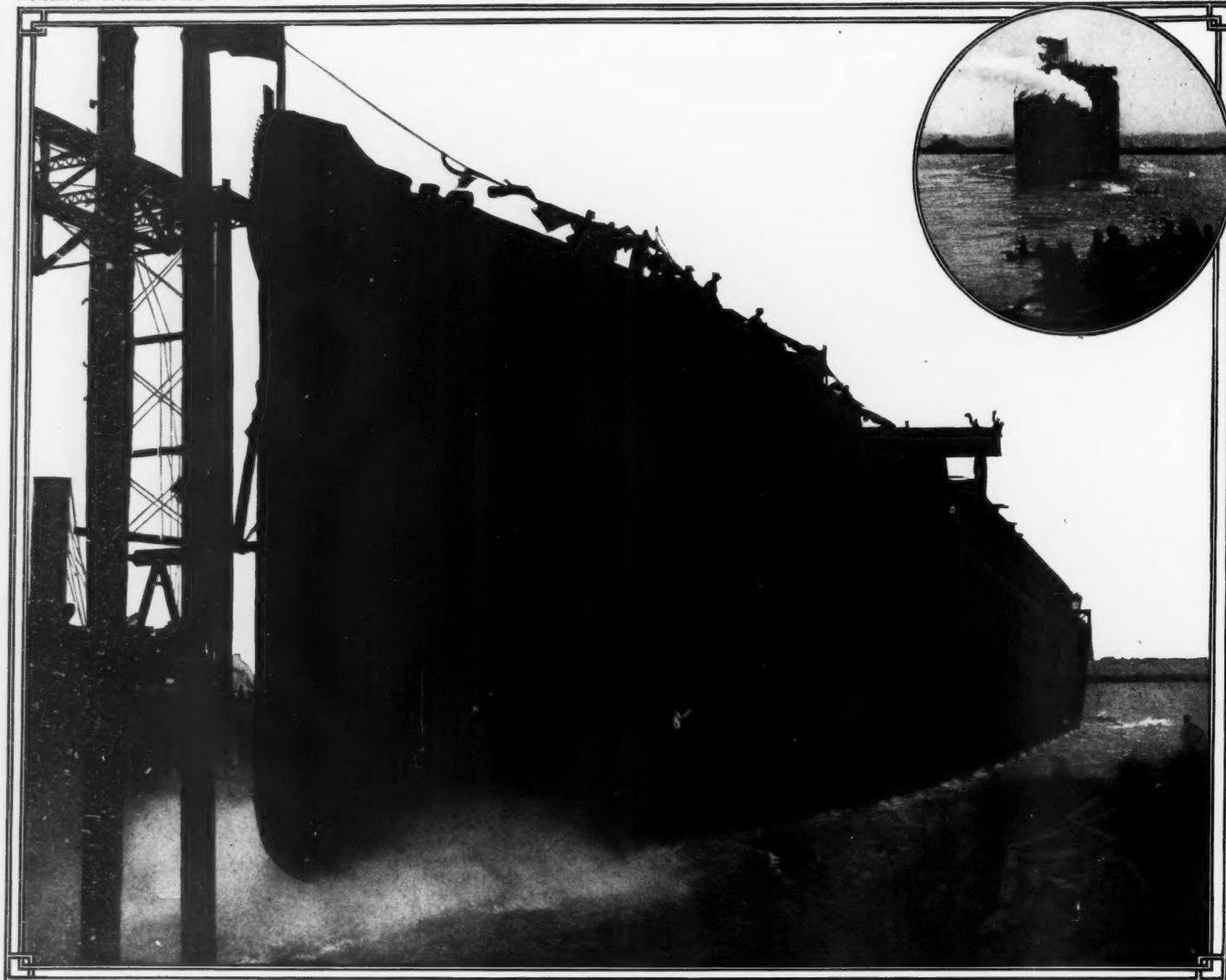
A Crowd of Strikers on the Hilltops watching for non-union Workers

The strike situation in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania remains about as desperate as it was seven weeks ago, when the strike began, and there seems little chance of immediate adjustment of the differences between miners and operators. It has been estimated that the total losses to operators, employees and general business in seven weeks of the strike amounted to something over forty million dollars. The photographs on this page illustrate some features of the strike



## LAUNCH OF THE LARGEST AMERICAN SHIP

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY W. R. RAU



The largest ship yet built in the United States was launched at Cramp's shipyard, in Philadelphia, June 21. "I christen thee 'Finland,'" cried Mrs. Samuel Rettle, breaking the traditional bottle—American champagne in this case—against the prow of the passenger merchantman, as the great craft slid down the ways. The ship's sponsor was a daughter of Clement A. Griscom, President of the International Navigation Company, for whom the vessel was built. The "Finland" is a sister ship of the "Kroonland," launched last winter. Her length over all is 580 feet, making her 26 feet longer than the "St. Paul" or the "St. Louis," the next largest steamers built by the Cramps. Her breadth is 60 feet and her depth 42 feet. The gross tonnage of this new marine monster is 12,000 tons, while the gross tonnage of the St. Louis and St. Paul is only 11,629 tons. The "Finland" will make her first transatlantic voyage early in 1903. The present senior captain of the company's fleet will be made the master of this new ocean greyhound

## FORTUNES OF A "COLLIER'S" WAR CORRESPONDENT

IT IS NO light task to keep track of the movements of a war correspondent, no matter how prominent or how hot the wires may be kept by a weary editor anxious for his "copy." Many and bewildering have been the complications in this regard of recent years.

A case in point is the sensational predicament in which one of our correspondents, Colonel Arthur Alfred Lynch, late commander of the Second Irish Corps in the Boer army and duly elected Member of Parliament for County Galway in Ireland, now finds himself in England. While trying to occupy his seat in Parliament Colonel Lynch was arrested on a crown warrant for high treason.

It may be interesting to our readers to catch a glimpse of the exact process by which an originally unattached free lance journalist became a Member of Parliament and a *cause célèbre* of Europe.

On the outbreak of the Boer War in 1899, when many correspondents were volunteering for service in South Africa, but good men were scarce, Mr. Lynch presented himself in the editor's sanctum. His name alone was a good introduction, since a namesake of his, George Lynch, had already rendered distinguished services as a war correspondent in Cuba and was even then threading his way from Durban to the besieged British garrison in Ladysmith. Mr. Arthur Lynch's appearance and personal manner proved as promising as his good name, so he was encouraged to proceed on his journalistic errand, to follow the Boer fortunes of war.

The ship on which Mr. Lynch sailed from a French port to South Africa was overhauled for contraband of war by a British cruiser off Lorenzo Marquez. The French, German and Irish soldiers of fortune aboard her lay low and were finally permitted to debark as passengers.

Scarcely a month later, when Lynch's newly recruited Irish Corps were standing



ready for their marching orders at the railway station in Pretoria, the commander whom they had unanimously elected took this formal oath:

"I, Arthur Alfred Lynch, promise and solemnly swear allegiance to the people of this Republic, that in my capacity as colonel of the Irish Corps I shall to the best of my knowledge and belief . . . obey the orders of those placed above me, and shall have nothing else in view but the prosperity, the welfare and the independence of the country and people of this Republic. So help me God Almighty.—ARTHUR LYNCH.

"Sworn before me at Pretoria, this 10th of February, 1900.—F. W. REITZ, State Secretary."

Colonel Lynch's subsequent experiences in the field have been best told in his own despatches to COLLIER'S WEEKLY, published at varying intervals throughout the early part of the Boer War. Later, when the change of tactics from strategic operations to guerrilla warfare ended the usefulness of the foreign volunteers, unfamiliar with all the changing peculiarities of the vast *terrain*, Colonel Lynch was mustered out, together with his brigade. He turned up in due time in our editorial sanctum.

When the time came for his departure from New York, a bold plan of capturing a seat in Parliament was privately discussed at an impromptu farewell supper and met with a sympathetic response on the part of Colonel Lynch's journalistic colleagues. No one who knew Lynch was surprised a few months later to hear that he had "made good" and that his seat in Parliament, like the cat's bell in the fable, was waiting for its occupant. The fact that a prison cell likewise yawned for the same occupant does not seem to have deterred the new M.P. from Ireland. What the outcome will be remains to be seen. COLLIER'S WEEKLY, for the nonce, is minus one brilliant war correspondent and ahead a parliamentary reporter.

# FROM THE GUILLOTINE TO THE STAGE BY MRS. LESLIE



STAGE  
CARTER

I AM NOT one of those who spend much of their time looking backward. The past has little interest for me, compared with the present and the future. In my art I am the rôle which at the time I am acting or preparing to act. In other words, my art absorbs me. Possibly that, after all, is art—the complete absorption of self in the art-work one is engaged in.

At present it is true my thoughts are temporarily distract, but only very temporarily. I have just ended my season. For some time past I have been planning my summer vacation, which, however, will not be wholly dissociated from my work. I have been playing *Du Barry* since early December. I have been seen in the rôle, which is considered an arduous one, about two hundred times, and during each of the last two days of my season I played a matinee. That would hardly have been possible if art were not an inspiration. It nerves one, even at the very end of a long season, for an effort like that.

To say that I love my art is nothing new. Every actor or actress toward whom the public's attitude has been as appreciative and generous as it has been toward me cannot fail to love the art which brings such inspiring results. Art, also, is something to love for its own sake; and there are plenty of noble men and women who have not had the need of public recognition which they deserved, but who have remained faithful to their art and love it.

As already stated, I have appeared about two hundred times in *Du Barry* this past season, and I am to open Mr. Belasco's new Theatre Republic in New York City next season with the same rôle, and there play it probably for another three months before taking it to other cities. People sometimes wonder whether the frequent repetition of a rôle does not become tiresome—whether the actress does not long for something new because she has become weary of doing the same thing over and over again for many evenings.

To this I can give an emphatic "No!" and from my own experience, for I have been so fortunate as to have had long runs with the two plays previous to "*Du Barry*"—"*Zaza*" and "*The Heart of Maryland*." I can readily imagine that a painter who painted the same picture over and over again would become so bored by it that he would turn with disgust from his canvas. I can fancy the musician who plays the same tune over and over again almost going insane. I can see the author who is obliged to pen the same page without variation tearing his hair in despair. But no such terror confronts the actor or actress. Therein, to my mind, lies one of the joys of the profession. You may play the same rôle over and over again, but always the audience is different; always the people who sit in the boxes, the orchestra chairs, the balconies and the galleries have to be conquered anew.

The mere fact that, in the same rôle night after night an actress can, after the "great scene" of the production, receive just about the same amount of applause and the same number of curtain calls, shows that she must be playing up to the mark. There is nothing more sensitive than the public. If an actor or actress were to deteriorate in the least, the public would notice it before the players themselves.

Whenever I am asked which of the rôles I have played is my favorite I invariably name the one which I happen to be

acting at the time the question is asked. So that if you had asked me that question any time the past season, I would have answered *Du Barry*, because I was playing that rôle, and, were you to ask me now, I would give you the same answer, because it again lies before me next winter. Poor Jeannette Vaubernier, the little violet vender of *Vaucouleurs*! Think of the gamut of existence she ran through before she became Madame *Du Barry*, and then, after a life of unexampled luxury and power, was carted in a tumbril to the guillotine, a victim of the Reign of Terror. Was it not one of the joys of art to place before the public such a lesson in life as her career conveyed?

I became so completely absorbed in the work of re-creating this character that it became almost more than a re-creation. It so entered my heart, my mind, my whole being, did this character of *Du Barry*, that I once dreamed I was *Du Barry* herself reincarnated; that I picked violets at *Vaucouleurs*, and sold them to the gay youths of Paris. And toward the end of my dream I found myself imprisoned, the tumbril waiting at the door, and, knowing that I must look weary and forlorn, I powdered my face before starting for the guillotine. That's how I came to introduce that little touch in my acting of the rôle.

When I study a character I try to leave nothing undone which would lead to a better understanding of it. I believe it especially helpful to one's appreciation of a rôle to try to get into something like the environment in which the character lived. Thus *Du Barry* I studied chiefly in France, and much of the time in Paris, because there I had ready access to many of the books describing the times in which she lived. I was as much as possible at *Luciennes*, the palace of the *Du Barry*, and I frequently visited *Vaucouleurs*. Undoubtedly it was this mode of study and these frequent visits to places associated with the character which led to the vivid dream I have described; and that dream I have no doubt has almost unconsciously left its trace on my acting of the rôle in other ways than the little incident mentioned. At all events, *Du Barry* became a very real, living, loving and suffering person to me.

Whether the *Du Barry* which Mr. Belasco has placed upon the stage and which I act is the *Du Barry* of history does not concern me. It is a creation, a rôle, whether it be history or not. *Du Barry* is a tragic destiny in a frame of frivolity. As such it offers an effective acting part and at the same time it brings home a lesson. There are rôles which are effective, but give the audience nothing to think over. There are rôles which convey a lesson, but are not effective acting parts. The rôle which combines the two qualities I mention is the one dearest to an actress's heart.

No one can realize as well as those who take part in a production like "*Du Barry*" the amount of preliminary study it involves. I am not now speaking for myself alone, but of the production as a whole. It means the putting back of some one hundred and fifty people one hundred and fifty years—in the costumes of the period, in the surroundings of the period and making them feel at home. There is vast, joyous interest in watching such a production grow.

Because *Du Barry* is only the fifth rôle in which I have appeared in public many think that I know only five rôles. My repertory is far more extensive, but the public doesn't know that. It has seen me only in five rôles.

Abroad I have been cited as being the only actress upon the American stage who has had an academical training. As a matter of fact, however, my "Academy" was Mr. David Belasco, than whom it is doubtful if a more expert stage manager and instructor can be found.

Until my sixteenth year I had been to the theatre but once or twice and then only to mediocre performances given by travelling companies. My family name is Carrie Louise Dudley, and I am a genuine daughter of the South. My father, a descendant of the Duddles of England, was a typical Southern aristocrat, who used the armorial bearings. My mother, allied to the Carrolls and Owings of Baltimore, was gentle, pious and old-fashioned.

"Little Dolly Dudley" I was called at home, the family plantation, a short distance from Lexington, Ky. I remained there until my sixteenth year, with no companions save my gentle mother and brilliant, scholarly father. Until his death my father made a playfellow and companion of me. I absorbed his love of the romantic as I listened to the traditions of the Titian-haired Duddles whose portraits hung in the ancestral halls of the family in England. "Dolly Dudley" was but a girl in short dresses, studying with her governess, when a fatal illness attacked her mother.

When I determined to go upon the stage I placed myself under the tutelage of David Belasco. Mr. Belasco describes his first impression of me as a "pale, slender girl with a mass of red hair and a pair of green eyes gleaming under black brows, who alternately wept and smiled, whose gestures were full of unconscious grace, and whose voice vibrated with musical sweetness." It may sound egotistical for me to quote this; but, after all, I am only repeating his own words—and possibly I disagree with him.

But his decision was made at the first interview, and he consented to undertake my dramatic training. In 1891, some three years later, I made my début at the Broadway Theatre in the "Ugly Duckling." Some critics prophesied a career for me, others declared me a failure. The following year I appeared as the Quaker maiden in "Miss Helyett." Critics still disagreed, but David Belasco, with undaunted faith in me, only said, "Wait."

During the next year he conducted for my benefit a mythical stock company of which I was the leading lady. He would say, "In a week we are to put on 'Camille.' I shall expect you to be letter perfect by Monday night and to rehearse every day until then." The rehearsals took place, the minor parts being filled by actors only too glad of the opportunity to be coached by a master hand. In this way I became a qualified stock leading lady, ready to play, on a day's notice, any of the standard leads.

Then "*The Heart of Maryland*" was produced, and I scored a success here and in England. Then came "*Zaza*," produced in the season of 1898-99, and from which Mr. Belasco literally made a new original from the French, his changes were so many.

If I am asked the secret of my success I answer, "Work, work, work." Mr. Belasco, who, as my discoverer and developer, is entitled to an opinion on this point, adds, "Yes, it is work, work, work, but it is more than that—it is heart, heart, heart. There is no career without a heart."

## WHY THE ACTOR IS AMBITIOUS TO "STAR"

By ROBERT EDESON



Robert Edeson

WHEN a clerk who has served his apprenticeship faithfully, thereby creating a demand for his services from other merchants engaged in the same branch of trade as his employer, finds that he can become the active partner in a new concern financed by men of means, who place implicit confidence in his business knowledge and ability, do you think he is likely to remain in his old position, fearing that some of his *confrères* may accuse him of an overvalued ambition?

Although the actor is seventy-five per cent temperament and twenty-five per cent business capacity, he nevertheless shares the ambition common to all laboring humanity: To cease to be the employé, to become the employer; and to secure in a percentage of the profits accruing from the enterprise with which he is associated a greater cash emolument for his outlay of energy.

Ours is the only profession in which experience and years of work count for nothing when weighed in the scale against youth and personal attractiveness. Advantage must be taken of these gifts. The actor's great struggle is to reach in his career the meridian of one hundred dollars a week. It is the turning-point in his fortunes. Then, if he work hard and continue to win the praise of the public, the manager takes great care to provide him only with rôles in which he is almost certain to increase his popularity, and, in consequence, to enhance his value from the box-office standpoint. Usually he begins his career by playing "bits"—old men or eccentric characters—then light comedy, eventually leading business, and, before he begins the retrograde movement to first old men, comedy fathers, characters again—and oblivion

—the actor gains the opportunity to accumulate the sum of money necessary if he would sit some day beneath his own fig and vine. He is more likely to succeed in this ambition if he be given the opportunity to join the ranks of stars. Then he receives not only a salary for his services but he becomes as well the partner of his manager, sharing in the gains derived from the exploitation of his art and personality.

Let us take as a basis of computation a salary of three hundred dollars per week—and that is the best a leading man can receive unless it be in an exceptional instance. The average theatrical season is thirty weeks in duration, making his yearly earnings total nine thousand dollars. Presumably the greater part of the season's time is spent in travel from one city to another. The transportation provided by the management does not include sleeping cars nor chairs in parlor cars. The actor is compelled in the cities visited to patronize the most expensive hotels because they are the best. He must "live well," so that there may be no diminution in the energy already overtaxed by constant travel. Social obligations further deplete his treasury. It is as necessary for the actor as for the business man to cultivate his clientele and enlarge it when opportunity offers.

Frequently there is a family to be cared for in New York—a wife, sisters or a mother. All of them must "keep up appearances," and conform in attire and mode of living to the standard observed by the man with an income approximating that enjoyed by the actor in question.

Then comes the period of idleness—the lapse between seasons—and fortunate indeed is the player who enjoys a series of thirty weeks of uninterrupted pay envelopes. Many untoward accidents—the failure of a play, the collapse of a star, the financial wrecking of a management—may throw him, at a moment's notice, into the vast army of unemployed Thespians, with a large wardrobe purchased for the recent venture as his only available asset.

The customary interruption in an actor's routine begins on

or about the first of June and continues until the middle of the following September. If the actor has reached the three-hundred-dollar-a-week class he is barred by the contract with his manager from the resource of his fellow actor who may command but a fraction of this salary—the participation in the "summer snap," as the stock companies that play during the months of July and August are known in theatrical parlance.

So the actor, like the clerk, yearns for the day of emancipation from apprenticeship to the master as heartily as he longs to devote his whole term of life to the art. He is anxious to have his name become known, plastered in huge letters on the walls, emblazoned in fiery signals above the entrance to the theatre, printed in large type in the advertisements of plays. The same idea serves as inspiration to both. The actor, as the purveyor of theatrical wares, wishes to say, with the merchant, "Here is my trademark."

The actor spends his days in reading plays, writing letters of all kinds in response to queries of all sorts, rehearsing, attending to social duties, addressing clubs, consulting his manager over impending productions, playing his own part at night, while watchful of his company that the performance may be kept up to the standard set by his first night's success.

As an actor he gains an advisory voice in the production of plays, and thus secures more opportunity to experiment, to originate ideas and to carry them out, to satisfy long-cherished ambitions. It is the increase of percentage profits as he grows more successful that enables him to retire from public life and seek rest from the constant whirl of notoriety and excitement, and to live in the hearts of his family and friends—there, like the old soldier, surrounded by his books and his trophies, to fight all his battles over again, and, sitting by his fireside, come to that stage described by Shakespeare: "With eyes severe and beard of formal cut, full of wise saws and modern instances."



DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEAE

## PASSING THE AMERICAN CUSTOMS

It will be good news to homecoming coronation sight-seers and transatlantic travellers generally, especially women, who have had good reason to complain of ruthless treatment at the hands of customs officials upon arrival in New York Harbor, to know that Secretary Shaw, having instituted an investigation of the annoyances, has issued orders resulting in new and much less stringent rules. Now women may demand private inspection of their baggage, and steamship companies are providing rooms for that purpose. Also inspectors are required to give more credit to passengers' personal oaths as to dutiable matter and to refrain from searching examination except in cases of well-founded suspicion



"My friend," said I to the leading grenadier, "you are taking a deal of trouble with your prisoner"

# THE CELLARS OF RUEDA

By "Q" (A. T. QUILLER-COUCH), Author of "The Ship of Stars," Etc.

IN TWO PARTS—ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS FOGARTY

*This story is taken from the Memoirs of Manuel McNeill, an agent in the secret service of the Allies during the Peninsular campaigns*

## I.—I Enter the Cellars

IT HAPPENED on a broiling afternoon in July, 1812, and midway in a fortnight of exquisite weather, during which Wellington and Marmont faced each other across the Douro before opening the beautiful series of evolutions—or rather, of circumvolutions—which ended suddenly on the 22d and locked the two armies in the prettiest pitched battle I have lived to see.

For the moment neither general desired a battle. Marmont, thrust back from Salamanca, had found a strong position where he could safely wait for reinforcements, and had indeed already collected near upon forty thousand of all arms when, on the 8th, Bonnet marched into camp from the Asturias with another six thousand infantry. He had sent, too, to borrow some divisions from Caffarelli's army of the north. But these he expected in vain: for Bonnet's withdrawal from the Asturias had laid bare the whole line of French communication, and so frightened Caffarelli for the safety of his own districts that he at once recalled the twelve thousand men he was moving down to the Douro, and in the end sent but a handful of cavalry, and that grudgingly.

All this I had the honor to predict to Lord Wellington just twelve hours before Bonnet's arrival on the scene. I staked my reputation that Caffarelli (on whom I had been watching and waiting for a month) would not move. And Lord Wellington on the spot granted me the few days' rest I deserved—not so much in joy of the news (which nevertheless was gratifying) as because for the moment he had no work for me. The knot was tied. He could not attack except at great disadvantage, for the fords were deep, and Marmont held the one bridge at Tordesillas. His business was to hold on, covering Salamanca and the road back to Portugal, and await Marmont's first move.

The French front stretched as a chord across an arc of the river, which here takes a long sweep to the south; and the British faced it around this arc, with their left, centre, and right upon three tributary streams—the Guarena, Trabancos, and Zapardiel—over which last, and just before it joins the Douro, towers the rock of Rueda, crowned with a ruined castle. Upon this rock—for my quarters lay in face of it, on the opposite bank of the stream—I had been gazing for the best part of an idle afternoon. I was comfortable; my cigarettes lay within reach; my tent gave shade enough; and through the flapway I found myself watching a mighty pretty comedy, with the rock of Rueda for its back scene.

A more satisfactory one I could not have wished, and I have something of a connoisseur's eye. To be sure, the triangular flapway narrowed the picture; and although the upstanding rock and castle "composed" admirably within the frame, it cut off an animated scene on the left, where their distant shouts and laughter told me that French and British were bathing together in the river below, and rallying each other on the battles yet to be fought. For during these weeks, and indeed through the operations which followed up

to the moment of fighting, the armies behaved less like foes than like two teams before a cricket-match, or two wrestlers, who shake hands and afterward grin amicably as they move in circles, seeking for a hitch. Just now, however, I must have craned my head beyond the tent-door for a sight of the bathing place: and my posture was too well chosen to be shifted. Moreover, I had a more singular example of these amenities to watch on the rock of Rueda itself.

The cliff face, standing out against the sun's glare like ivory beneath the blue, and quivering with heat, was flecked here and there with small lilac shadows; and these shadows marked the entrances of the caves with which Rueda was honeycombed. I had once or twice resolved to visit these caves; for I had heard much of their renown, and even (although this I disbelieved) that they contained wine enough to intoxicate all the troops in the Peninsula. Wine in abundance they certainly contained, and all the afternoon men, singly and in clusters, had been swarming in and out of these entrances like flies about a honey-pot. For whatever might be happening on the Trabancos under Lord Wellington's eye, here at Rueda, on the extreme right, discipline for the while had disappeared: and presumably the like was true of Marmont's extreme left, holding the bridge at Tordesillas. For from the bridge a short roadway leads to Rueda; and among the figures moving about the rock, diminished by distance though they were, I counted quite respectable proportion of Frenchmen. No one loves his calling ever quite forgets it; and though no one could well have appeared, or indeed felt, lazier, I was really giving my eye practice in separating in this anthill the drunk from the sober by their gait, and even the moderately drunk from the incapable.

There could be no doubt, at any rate, concerning one little Frenchman whom two tall British grenadiers were guiding down the cliff toward the road. And against my will I had to drop my cigarette and laugh aloud; for the two guides were themselves unsteady, yet as desperately intent upon the job as though they handled a chest of treasure. Now they would prop him up and run him over a few yards of easy ground; anon at a sharp descent one would clamber down ahead and catch the burden his comrade lowered by the collar, with a subsiding grip upon belt or pantaloons. But to the Frenchman all smooth and rugged came alike: his legs sprawled impartially; and once, having floundered on top of the leading Samaritan with a shock which rolled the pair to the very verge of a precipice, he recovered himself and sat up in an attitude which, at half a mile's distance, was eloquent of tipsy reproach. In short, when the procession had filed past the edge of my tent-flap, I crawled out to watch; and then it occurred to me as worth an idle man's while to cross the Zapardiel by the pontoon bridge below and head these comedians off upon the highroad. They promised to repay a closer view.

So I did; gained the road, and placing myself beside it, hailed them as they came.

"My friend," said I to the leading grenadier, "you are taking a deal of trouble with your prisoner."

The grenadier stared at his comrade and his comrade at him. As if by signal they mopped their brows with their coat-sleeves. The Frenchman sat down on the road without more ado.

"Prisoner?" mumbled the first grenadier.

"Ay," said I. "Who is he? He doesn't look like a general or a brigade."

"Devil take me if I know. Who will he be, Bill?"

Bill stared at the Frenchman blankly and rooted him out of the dust with his toe. "I wonder, now? Picked him up somewhere—get up, you little pig, and carry your liquor like a gentleman. It was Mike intojuiced him."

"I did not," said Mike.

"Very well, then, ye did not. I must have come by him some other way."

"It was yourself tripped over him in the cellar up yandhar." He broke off and eyed me, meditating a sudden thought. "It seems mighty queer, that—speaking of a cellar as 'up yandhar.' Now a cellar by rights should be in the ground under your feet."

"And so it is," argued Bill; "slap in the bowels of it."

"Ah, be quiet wid your bowels! As I was saying, sor, Bill tripped over the little fellow; and the next I knew he was crying to be tuk home to camp, and Bill swearing to do it if it cost him his stripes. And that is where I come into this fatigued job; for the man's no friend of mine, and will not be looking it, I hope."

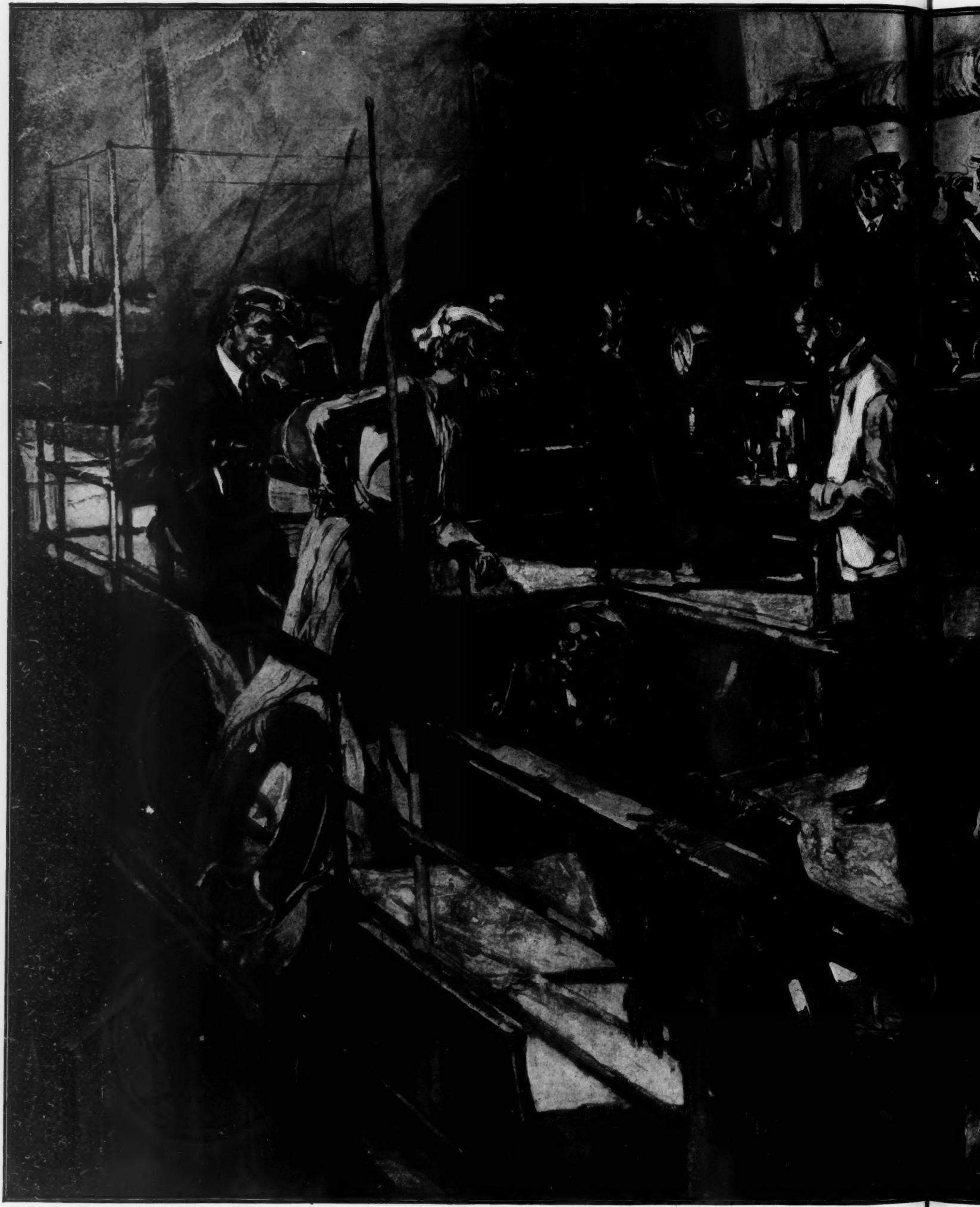
"Did I so?" Bill exclaimed, regarding himself suddenly from outside, as it were, and not without admiration. "Did I promise that? Well, then"—he fixed a sternly disapproving stare on the Frenchman—"the Lord knows what possessed me, but to the bridge-head you go if I fight the whole of Clauseau's division single-handed. Take his feet, Mike—I'm a man of my word. Hep—ready is it? For'ard!"

For a minute or so, as they staggered down the road, I stared after them; and then upon an impulse mounted the track by which they had descended.

It was easy enough, or they had never come down alive; but the sun's rays smote hotly off the face of the rock, and at one point I narrowly missed being brained by a stone dislodged by some drunkard above me. Already, however, the stream of tipplers had begun to set back toward the camp, and my main difficulty was to steer against it, avoiding disputes as to the rule of the road. I had no intention of climbing to the castle. My whim was—and herein again I set my training a test—to walk straight to the particular opening from which, across the Zapardiel, I had seen my comedians emerge.

I found it, not without difficulty—a broad archway of rock, so low that a man of ordinary stature must stoop to pass beneath it; with for threshold a sill of dry, fine earth, which sloped up to a ridge immediately beneath the archway, and

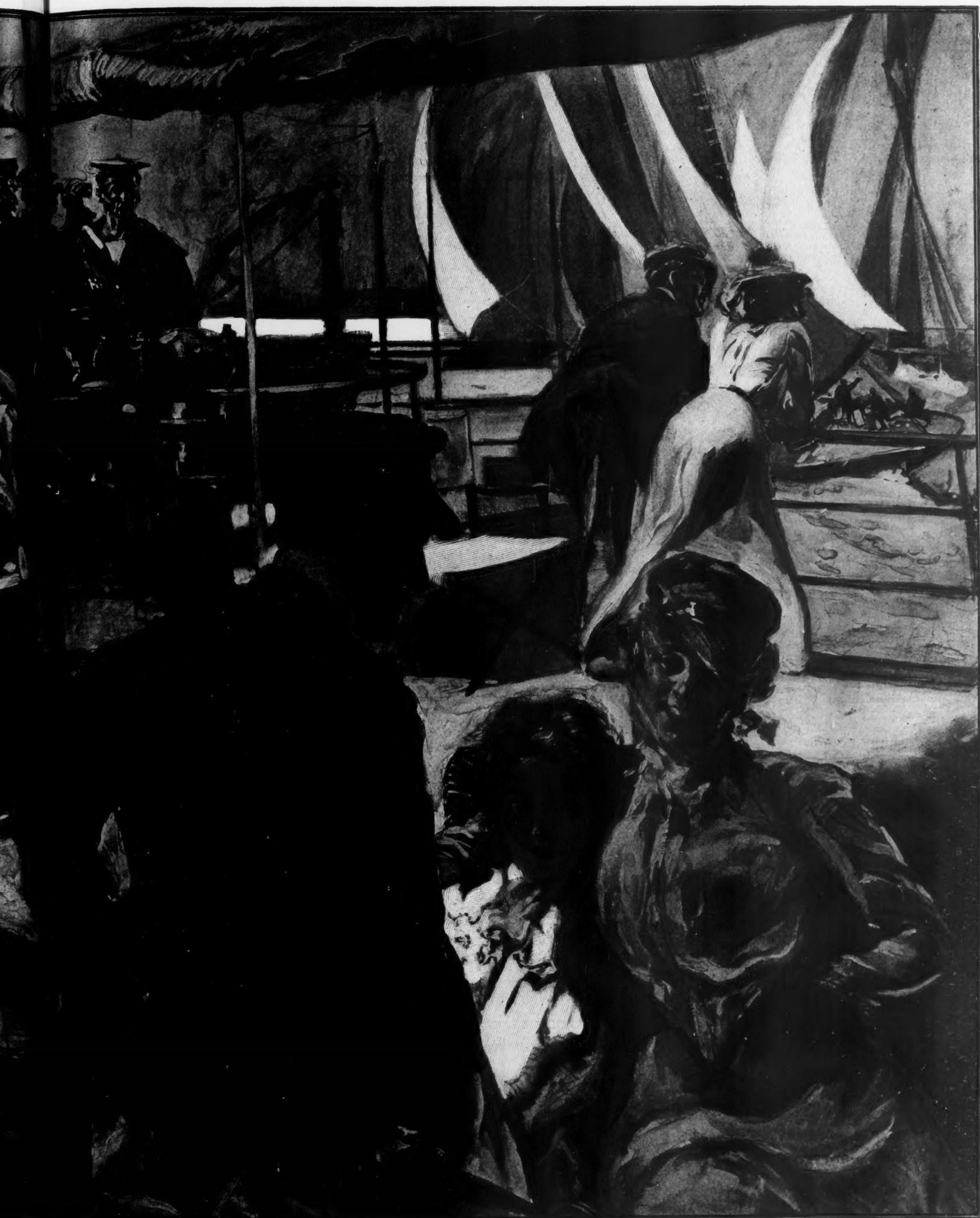
COLLIER'S WEEKLY



DRAWN BY HENRY REUTERDAHL AND E. M. ASHE

OPENING OF THE YACHT  
ON THE HURRICANE DECK OF A STEAM YACHT OFF NEWPORT DURING

ER'S WEEKLY



## THE YACHTING SEASON

REPORT DURING THE FIRST RACES OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB

on the inner side dipped down into darkness, so abruptly that as I mounted on the outer side I found myself staring, at a distance of two yards or less, into the face of an old man seated within the cave, out of which his head and shoulders arose into view as if by magic.

"Ah?" said he, calmly. "Good-evening, señor. You will find good entertainment within." He pointed past him into absolute night, or so it seemed to my dazzled eyes.

He spoke in Spanish, which is my native tongue—although not my ancestral one. And as I crouched to pass the archway I found time to speculate on his business in this cavern. For clearly he had not come hither to drink, and as clearly he had nothing to do with either army. At first glance I took him for a priest; but his bands, if he wore them, were hidden beneath a dark poncho fitting tightly about his throat, and his bald head baffled any search for a tonsure. Although a small book lay open on his lap, I had interrupted no reading; for when I came upon him his spectacles were perched high over his brows and gleamed upon me like a duplicate pair of eyes. He was patently sober, too—which perhaps came as the greatest shock of all to me, after meeting so many on my path who were evidently the reverse.

I answered his salutation. "But you will pardon me, excellent sir, for saying that you perhaps mistake the entertainment I seek. We gentlemen of Spain are temperate livers, and I will confess that curiosity alone has brought me—or say, rather, the fame of your wonderful cellars of Rueda."

I put it thus, thinking he might perhaps be some official of the caves or of the castle above. But he let the shot pass. His lean hands from the first had been fumbling with his poncho, to throw back the folds of it in courtesy to a stranger; but this seemed no easy matter, and at a sign from me he desisted.

"I can promise you," he answered, "nothing more amusing than the group with which you paused to converse, just now, by the road."

"Eh? You saw me?"

"I was watching from the path outside; for I too can enjoy a timely laugh."

No one, I am bound to say, would have guessed it. With his long scraggy neck and great mous of spectacles—which he had now drawn down, the better to study me—he suggested an absurd combination of the vulture and the owl.

"Dios! you have good eyes, then."

"For long distances. But they cannot see Salamanca." His gaze wandered for a moment to the entrance, beyond which, far below and away, a sunny landscape twinkled, and he sighed. But before I could read any meaning in the words or the sigh his spectacles were turned upon me again. "You are Spanish?" he asked abruptly.

"Of Castile, for that matter; though not—I may own to you—of pure descent. I come from Aranjuez, where a Scotish ancestor, whose name I bear, settled and married soon after the War of Succession."

"A Scot?" He leaned forward, and his hands, which had been resting on his laps, clutched the book nervously.

"Of the Highlands." I nodded, wondering at his agitation.

"They say that all Scotsmen in Spain know each other. Tell me, my son"—he was a priest, then, after all—"tell me, for the love of God, if you know where to find a certain Manuel McNeill, who (I hear) is a famous scout."

"That, reverend father, is not always easy, as the French would tell you; but for me, here, it happens to be very easy indeed, seeing that I happen to be the unworthy sinner you condescend to compliment."

"You?" He drew back, incredulous. "You?" he repeated, thrusting the book into his pocket and groping on the rocky soil beside him. "The finger of God, then, is in this—what have I done with my candle?—ah, here it is. Oblige me by holding it—so—while I strike a light." (I heard the rattle of a tinder box.) "They sell these caudles"—here he caught a spark and blew—"they sell these candles at the castle above. The quality is indifferent and the price excessive; but I wander at night and pick up those which the soldiers drop—an astonishing number, I can assure you. See, it is lighted!" He stretched out a hand and took the candle from me. "Be careful of your footsteps, for the floor is rough."

"But pardon me. Before I follow, I have a right to know upon what business."

He turned and peered at me, holding the candle high. "You are suspicious," he said, almost querulously.

"It goes with my trade."

"I take you to one who will be joyful to see you. Will that suffice, my son?"

"Your description, reverend father, would include many persons—from the Duke of Ragusa downward—whom nevertheless I have no desire to meet."

"Well, I will tell you, though I was planning it for a happy surprise. This person is a kinsman of yours—a Captain Alan McNeill."

I stepped back a pace and eyed him. "Then," said I, "your story will certainly not suffice; for I know it to be impossible. It was only last April that I took leave of Captain Alan McNeill on the road to Bayonne and close to the front-

tier. He was then a prisoner under escort, with a letter from Marmont ordering the Governor of Bayonne to clap him in irons and forward him to Paris, where (the marshal hinted) no harm would be done by shooting him."

"Then he must have escaped."

"Pardon me, that again is impossible; for I should add that he was under some kind of parole."

"A prisoner under escort—in irons—condemned, or at least intended, to be shot—and all the while under parole! My friend, that must surely have been a strange kind of parole!"

"It was, and—saving your reverence—a cursed dirty kind. But it sufficed for my kinsman—as I know to my cost. For with the help of the *partidas* I rescued him, close to the frontier; and he—like the fool, or like the noble gentleman, he was—declined his salvation, released the escort (which he had overpowered), shook hands with us, and rode forward to his death."

"A brave story."

"You would say so, did you know the whole of it. There is no man alive whose hand I could grasp as proudly as I grasped his at the last; and no other, alive or dead, of whom I could say, with the same conviction, that he made me at once think worse of myself and better of human nature."

"He seems, then, to have a mania for improving his fellow-men; for," said my guide, still pausing with the candle aloft and twinkling on his spectacles, "I assure you he has been trying to make a Protestant of me!"

Wholly incredulous as I was, this took me fairly between wind and water. "Did he?" I stammered—"did he happen to mention the Scarlet Woman?"

"Several times; though (in justice to his delicacy, I must say it) only in his delirium."

"His delirium?"

"He has been ill; almost desperately ill. A case of sun-stroke, I believe. Do I understand that you believe sufficiently to follow me?"

"I cannot say that I believe. Yet if it be not Captain Alan McNeill, and if for some purpose which—to be frank with you—I cannot guess I am being walked into a trap, you may take credit to yourself that it has been well, nay, excellently, invented. I pay you that compliment beforehand, and for my kinsman's sake, or for the sake of his memory, I accept the risk."

"There is no risk," answered the reverend father, at once leading the way; "none, that is to say, with me to guide you."

"There is risk, then, in some degree?"

"We skirt a labyrinth," he answered, quietly. "You will have observed, of course, that no one has passed us or disturbed our talk. To be sure the archway under which you found me is one of the 'false entrances'—as they are called—of Rueda's cellars. There are a dozen between this and the summit, and perhaps half a dozen below, which give easy access to the wine-vaults, and in any of which a crowd of goers and comers would have incommode us. For the soldiers would seem—and very wisely, I must allow—to follow a chart and confine themselves to the easier outskirts of these caves. Wisely, because the few cellars they visit contain Valdepeñas enough to keep two armies drunk until either Wellington enters Madrid or Marmont recaptures Salamanca. But they are not adventurous; and the few who dare, though no doubt they penetrate to better wine, are not in the end to be envied. . . . Now this passage of ours is popularly, but quite erroneously, supposed to lead nowhere, and is therefore, by accident, avoided."

"Excuse me," said I, "but it was precisely by this exit that I saw emerge three men as honestly drunk as any three I have met in my life."

For the moment he seemed to pay no heed, but stooped and held the candle low before his feet.

"The path, you perceive, here shelves downward. By following it we should find ourselves, after ten minutes or so, at the end of a *cul-de-sac*. But see this narrow ledge to the right—pay particular heed to your footsteps here, I pray you; it curves to the right, broadening ever so little before it disappears around the corner; yet here lies the true path, and you shall presently own it an excellent one." He sprang forward like a goat, and, turning, again held the candle low that I might plant my feet wisely. Sure enough, just around the corner the ledge widened at once, and we passed into a new gallery.

"Ah, you were talking of those three drunkards? Well, they must have emerged by following this very path."

"Impossible."

"Excuse me, but for a scout whose fame is acknowledged you seem fond of a word which Bonaparte (we are told) has banished from the dictionaries. Ask yourself, now—They were assuredly drunk, and your own eyes have assured you there is no wine between us and daylight. My son, I have inhabited Rueda long enough to acquire a faith in miracles even had I brought none with me. Along this ledge our three drunkards strolled like children out of the very womb of earth. They will never know what they escaped. Should the knowledge ever come to them it ought to turn their hair gray then and there."

"Children and drunkards," said I. "You know the by-word?"

"And might believe it—but for much evidence on the other side."

"But I was following another thought, and for the moment did not hear him closely. "I suppose, then, the owners guard the main entrances, but leave such as this, for instance, to be defended by their own difficulty?"

"Why should any be guarded?" he asked, pausing to untie a second candle from the bunch he had suspended from his belt.

"Eh? Surely to leave all this wine exposed in a world of thieves—"

The reverend father smiled as he lighted the new candle from the stump of his old one. "No doubt the wine-growers did not contemplate a visit from two armies, and such very thirsty ones. The peasants hereabout are abstemious, and the few thieves count no more than flies. For the rest—"

He was stooping again, with his candle all but level with the ledge and a few inches wide of it. Held so, it cast a feeble ray into the black void below us; and down there—thirty feet down perhaps—as his talk broke in two like a snapped guitar-string, my eyes caught a blur of scarlet.

"For God's sake," I cried, "hold the light steady!"

"To what purpose?" he asked grimly. "That is one whom Providence did not lead out to light. See, he is broken to pieces—you can tell from the way he lies; and dead, too. My son, the caves of Rueda protect themselves."

He shuffled to the end of the ledge, and there, at the entrance of a dark gallery, so low that our heads almost knocked against the rock roof, he halted again and leaned his ear against the wall on the right.

"Sometimes where the wall is thin I have heard them crying and beating on it with their fists."

I shivered. The reader knows me by this time for a man of fair courage, but the bravest man on earth may be caught off his own ground, and I do not mind confessing that here was a situation for which stout parentage and a pretty severe training had somehow failed to provide. In short, as my guide pushed forward, I followed in knock-kneed terror. I wanted to run. I told myself that if this indeed were a trap, and he should turn and run upon me, I was as a child at his mercy. And he might do worse: he might blow out the light and disappear. As the gallery narrowed, and at the same time contracted in height, so that at length we were crawling on hands and knees, this insanity grew. Two or three times I felt for my knife, with an impulse to drive it through his back, seize the candles and escape; nor at this moment can I say what restrained me.

At length, and after crawling for at least two hundred yards, without any warning, he stood erect; and this was the worst moment of all. For as he did so the light vanished—or so nearly as to leave but the feeblest glimmer; the reason being (and I discovered it with a sob) that he stood in an ample vaulted chamber, while I was yet beneath the roof of the tunnel. The first thing I saw on emerging beside him was the belly of a great wine-tun curving out above my head, its curve hidden, lost somewhere in upper darkness; and the first thing I heard was the whip of a bat's wing by the candle. My guide beat it off.

"Better take a candle and light it from mine. These creatures breed here in thousands—hear them now above us!"

"But what is that other sound?" I asked, and together we moved toward it.

Three enormous tuns stood in the chamber, and we halted by the base of the furthest, where, with a spilled pail beside him, lay a British sergeant of the 36th Regiment, tranquilly snoring! That and no other was the sound, and a blessed relief I never heard. I could have kicked the fellow awake for the mere pleasure of shaking hands with him.

My guide moved on.

"But we are not going to leave him here!"

"Oh, as for that, his sleep is good for hours to come. If you choose, we can pick him up on our return."

So we left him, and now I went forward with a heart strangely comforted, although on leaving the great cellar I knew myself hopelessly lost. Hitherto I might have turned and, fortune aiding, have found daylight; but beyond the cellular galleries ramified by the score, and we walked so rapidly, and chose between them with such apparent lack of method, that I lost count. My one consolation was the memory of a burly figure in scarlet, supine beneath a wine-tun.

I was thinking of him, when, at the end of a passage, to me indistinguishable from any of the dozen or so we had already followed, my guide put out a hand, and, drawing aside a goat-skin curtain, revealed a small chamber with a lamp hanging from the roof, and under the lamp a bed of straw, and upon the bed an emaciated man, propped and holding a book.

His eyes were on the entrance; for he had heard our footsteps. And we almost broke into one cry of joy. It was indeed my kinsman, Captain McNeill.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)

## THE DAY OF THE FATHERS

By JULIA WARD HOWE  
AUTHOR OF THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

With the great boon that we have gained  
A pledge most holy is enchain'd.  
Not for ourselves alone we fought,  
But for a wide deliverance wrought.

Freedom is in the dauntless heart,  
The will t' enact a noble part,  
The faith that reads with reverent eyes  
A sentence writ beyond the skies.

The gathering crowds with hearts obey  
The joyful summons of the day.  
The cannon's rhythmic boom resounds,  
The snapping fire-toy goes its rounds.

Above the noise, beyond the sport,  
May Judgment hold her solemn court;  
"You, people whom this day may free,  
What will you do for Liberty?"

Our friendly harbors open stand  
To every sail of every land.  
The fainting exile at our door  
Finds cheer and welcome evermore.



Photograph copyright 1902 by J. E. Purdy, Boston

While yet on earth one tyrant yields  
The scourge that strips the fertile fields,  
While Force its iron rule may fling  
O'er men who call their conscience king.

Where bleeds the Christian for his cross,  
There do we suffer pain and loss,  
While Right from arm'd Might must flee.  
We are not free, we are not free.

As at one temple let us kneel  
To pray for every nation's weal.  
As with one utterance, let us say  
"The reign of blood must pass away."

So shall our bugle-call resound  
With notes of joy to earth's far bound.  
Its message ringing high and clear:  
"The kingdom of God's peace is near."

## THE ROYAL YACHTS OF ENGLAND

Since his accession to the throne, King Edward has entirely remodelled the constitution of the Royal Yachts' service. The flotilla has been reduced in number and fresh rules put in force for the appointment of officers thereto. In Queen Victoria's time the vessels coming under this designation were the *Royal George* (launched in 1817), the *Elfin* (launched in 1849), the *Victoria* and *Albert* (launched in 1855), the *Alberta* (launched in 1863) and the *Osborne* (launched in 1871). Of these, the *Alberta* is practically the only one remaining in commission at the present date, for the others have either already been broken up or are on the point of being so. The *Royal George*, however, is still afloat, although degraded to employment as a receiving-hulk in Portsmouth Harbor. When Queen Victoria visited Scotland in 1842 it was in this vessel that she made the voyage, being towed along the coast by a fleet of paddle-steamer.

With regard to the *Osborne* there is a possibility of her being retained for further use. On this account she was sent into dry-dock to undergo a thorough overhauling. She is said to have been permeated with dry rot and should, accordingly, have her timbers bored. Commissioned just thirty years ago, this vessel has ever proved a lamentable failure. For example, almost immediately after she had been launched, her hull had to be entirely renewed. Since then, although a large sum has been spent in keeping her in repair, she has never been fit for anything but very short voyages in perfectly smooth water. Queen Alexandra, however, has a great affection for the *Osborne*, having frequently sailed in her, and prefers this yacht to any of the others. For many years while he was Prince of Wales, King Edward had almost entire control of the vessel, Queen Victoria even giving him permission to nominate the officers thereto.

A royal yacht that remained in use for upward of fifty years was the *Elfin*. This was a small paddle-boat of ninety-three tons displacement. She was never employed for any very exalted purposes, however, her services being chiefly utilized for conveying servants and stores between the Isle of Wight and Gosport. Queen Victoria's Indian attendants, for example, always travelled by her when their presence was required at Osborne. As a small child, too, King Edward made his first voyage in this vessel. All that is left of her nowadays has been transferred to the new *Victoria* and *Albert*. The relics in question consist of a silver bell, a figurehead and a stern decoration.

Perhaps the most serviceable of all the royal yachts ever yet launched—for King Edward's new vessel has not yet been exhaustively tested—was the *Victoria* and *Albert* of 1855. She was of singularly graceful design and was, moreover, possessed of excellent sea-going qualities. Indeed, she could make sixteen knots an hour with ease, while, when necessary, she could improve on this. In the upholstering and arranging of the state apartments on board the late Prince Consort took the greatest interest. The whole matter was given his personal supervision, much of the furniture being designed and chosen by himself. After forty-five years' continuous service, however, this fine vessel has been handed over to the ship-breakers to be dismantled. Considering her historic association—her decks, indeed, have been trodden by half the monarchs in Europe within the past quarter of a century—it seems a pity that arrangements could not even yet be made to avert this.

The only one of Queen Victoria's royal yachts to be retained for King Edward's use is the *Alberta*. She is a packet boat of 370 tons and is at present employed as a tender to the new *Victoria* and *Albert* at Portsmouth. Up till recently she acted as a sort of ferry between Gosport and Osborne, and was the vessel in which distinguished visitors journeyed to the Isle of Wight when the Court was in residence there. She was fitted up with an almost Spartan-like simplicity, in strong contrast to the lavishness prevailing in the other vessels used for a similar purpose. Her future has not yet been definitely settled; for, while she is not to be paid off, it has also been determined that she shall not be again employed in her old capacity.

The new *Victoria* and *Albert*, though built to the order of the late Queen, was not commissioned until July of last year. Nearly half a million sterling has been expended upon her construction and fitting up. She is a twin-screw vessel of 4,700 tons displacement and has so far given the greatest satisfaction. King Edward, indeed, has expressed himself as being highly pleased with the result of her trials. She is commanded by Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, who will be remembered as having distinguished himself during the siege of Ladysmith. Indeed, it was in recognition of his invaluable services on this occasion that he received his present appointment. In all this he combines that of commodore of all the royal yachts. His predecessor in the post was Vice-Admiral Sir John Fullerton—who held it, by the

way, for the long period of sixteen years. Under the régime in force when he was appointed it was a case of once a royal yachts' officer always a royal yachts' officer, with automatic promotion to admiral's rank. Appointments thereto were also made almost solely through family influence. King Edward, however, is introducing a more wholesome system, and for the future commissions in the royal flotilla are to be conferred as a reward for distinguished service. Prior to taking part in the present South African campaign Captain Lambton saw fighting in the Egyptian war of 1882. The third son of the second Earl of Durham, he entered the royal navy in 1870 and just nineteen years later reached the rank he now holds.

HORACE WYNDHAM.

### HIS FREEDOM SONG

By FRANK L. STANTON

FOURTH JULY, and I march away  
In de big broad light of de freedom day,  
And de old flag wave and de brass band play  
Fourth July in de mornin'.

Fourth July, and a sky of blue  
And de sunshine streamin' over you,  
And bless de Lord I'se a free man too,  
Fourth July in de mornin'.

Fourth July, let de big drum beat  
And de red flags ripple from house and street,  
And de Freedom land is de country sweet,  
Fourth July in de mornin'.

### UNCLAIMED MILLIONS

IT WILL BE remembered that, as previously explained in this journal, a Dutchman who died in 1778 left an immense fortune to his nephew, with a proviso in the will that if the nephew died childless the fortune was to remain intact for a century and then be divided among the next of kin. The nephew died childless and the money went into the keeping of executors who have since built a scientific museum at Haarlem and almshouses for old folk from the funds. But the century having expired, some of those who consider themselves to be the rightful heirs have commenced a legal process to recover possession of the money. When the case came before the court at Haarlem in February last no less than one hundred and ninety soi-disant heirs appeared, and the advocate who is attending to the matter for one branch of the family told the writer that he had advised nearly another hundred persons by letter not to put themselves to the trouble and expense of coming to court, as their attendance was not required at the present stage of the proceedings. "Look there!" said he, pointing to a pile of letters quite two feet thick, "the writers of all those letters have something to tell me about the matter or something to ask. I am overwhelmed with communications on the subject, until I grow weary of opening them."

For the guidance of those who may be inclined to join in as claimants it should be explained that the first thing to do is to obtain a clear genealogical tree showing the claimants' descent from some member of the family, which will serve to show the line of descent of the representative claimant. The proceedings of February last were dismissed owing to a legal flaw, but the decision has been appealed against, and the further hearing will take place soon.

In some parts of the Netherlands societies have been formed by the claimants, each member contributing something toward the legal expenses, and the members are thus able to obtain a lawyer's advice and assistance, which they could not probably do were each acting separately.

Each year, upon the 25th of March, the anniversary of the birthday of Pieter Teyler, numerous gifts from the funds are presented to the inmates of the various almshouses in Haarlem, not only to those occupying the charities established from the Pieter Teyler funds, but to the inmates of all the other institutions, irrespective of religion or denomination.

**Burnett's Vanilla Extract**  
is the best. The grocers know it. Insist on having Burnett's. It is for your food. Pure and wholesome.—Adv.

You cannot set a first-class dinner unless the wine you serve is Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.—Adv.

Time, said Franklin, is the stuff of Life. Telephone service saves time. *Verb. sap.* Rates for Residence Service in Manhattan from \$48 a year. New York Telephone Co., 15 Day St., 111 W. 38th St.—Adv.

**A Mother's Milk**  
may not fit the requirements of her own offspring. A failing milk is usually a poor milk. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has been the standard for more than forty years. Send for book "Babies," 71 Hudson St., N. Y.—Adv.

**Sent Free and Prepaid**  
to every reader of *Collier's Weekly*, who needs it and writes for it. Vernal Sow Palmetto Berry Wine, Buffalo, N. Y., a trial bottle of Vernal Sow Palmetto Berry Wine. Only one small dose a day perfectly cures catarrh, flatulence, indigestion and constipation. It clears the liver and kidneys of all congestion and inflammation and takes all irritation and catarrh from the bladder and all pain and trouble from prostate gland.—Adv.

# Pears'

It is a wonderful soap  
that takes hold quick and  
does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the  
skin soft like a baby's; no  
alkali in it, nothing but  
soap. The harm is done by  
alkali. Still more harm is  
done by not washing. So,  
bad soap is better than  
none.

What is bad soap? Im-  
perfectly made; the fat  
and alkali not well bal-  
anced or not combined.

What is good soap?  
Pears'.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists;  
all sorts of people use it.



Luxurious Parlor, Sleeping, Dining,  
Observation-Cafe and Chair Cars  
compose its trains.  
It has its own rails between

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## \$250.00 Given Away

The above sum will be given to the person who devises a name for our new laxative tablet.

This is a tablet of exceptional merit. It is also a pile and constipation cure, and it is our belief one of the best articles for this purpose ever placed upon the market.

We are aware of the importance for advertising purposes of a good, catchy, strong name which will be easily remembered, and if possible, expresses the merits of the tablet.

If you will do a little thinking on this subject and devise a name that will be acceptable you may secure the \$250.00 cash award. A school girl or boy is just as likely to hit upon a satisfactory name as the brightest college professor. The competition is open to every one. We desire this name as soon as possible, and the contest will close September 1st, 1902.

It is our belief that no one will be competent to entice and be inspired to take part in the contest who does not have positive evidence of the real merit of this tablet; so as a condition to taking part in the contest, we ask that you send for a sample of the laxative tablet, which we will send with full details of conditions of the competition on receipt of 10 cents, part of the expense of postage and tablets.

**Remember it Costs Nothing** to take part in the competition as the laxative tablets which we will send you are worth more than the 10 cents you send us, to say nothing of the postage on the same.

Write us at once for sample and full information.

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the purest product of the grape, is  
rapidly growing in favor as a dinner  
wine. In

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there is none superior in brilliancy; in  
sparkling qualities it has no peer, and  
there is made no exception among the  
expensive wines from foreign wineries.  
It was awarded the

**Gold Medal**,  
highest award, at the Paris Exposition of  
1900, and the award was recommended  
by the highest recognized  
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Sole Makers Rhine, N. Y.  
Sold by all respectable wine dealers.

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SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES  
Allen's Foot-Ease is a great relief  
for the feet. It cures painful swelling,  
smarting, nervous feet and instantly  
takes the sting out of corns and bunions.  
It's the greatest comfort dis-  
covery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease  
makes tight-fitting and new shoes  
feel easy. It is a certain cure for in-  
grown toenails, swelling, callous and  
hot, tired, aching feet. We have over  
30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-  
DAY.** Sold by all Druggists and Shoe  
Stores, 25c. **Do not accept an im-  
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Allen's Foot-Ease is a great relief  
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# AMERICAN WIVES AND ENGLISH HOUSEKEEPING

By MRS. JOHN LANE

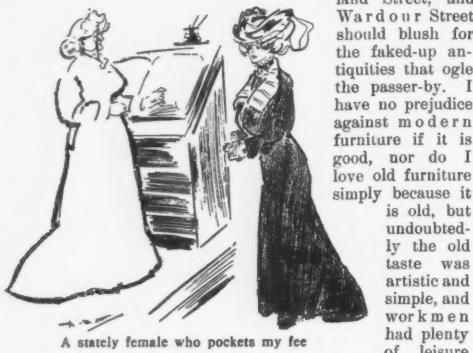
IN TWO PARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY H. B. EDDY

PART TWO

MY CARPETS being now down, I sent to the warehouse for the eighty cases, and after a year I again looked at my household gods. They were, I must say, very skilfully unpacked, but (here is the difference between the English and the American workman) not one of the men but expected a fee every time he moved a box for me. Every time I went to the warehouses to open a trunk one or two men had to be feed, and at the end it came to quite a little sum, which, in America, would not have been expected, even for harder work done, and quite rightly, for the men were receiving proper wages, and I was paying the Storage Company liberally.

My American furniture being cosmopolitan it was speedily at home in my English rooms, only these high-studded rooms have such a way of devouring furniture! I thought piteously of the furniture I had rashly flung into the Boston auction-room, and when it came to replacing it, what did I find? That American furniture is much better and much cheaper. My soul yearned even for the big black chest of drawers which I had left behind, and it loathed the brand new "art furniture," sticky with paste and varnish. I demanded Chippendale and such—but, alas! their day is over, except for millionaires! Praed Street, Brompton



and used their hands; but when it comes to American or English machine-made furniture, I favor the American because it is in better taste, is made of better wood and is cheaper. I paid 24s. apiece for painted pine chests of drawers for the servants. In New York I saw a pretty one, all of oak with brass handles, for 13s. That is only a sample. Perhaps it is ungenerous urging the importation of American wares that can, because of English free trade, undersell the English manufacturer, but it remains true that it can be done and ought to be done, and competition will improve the home produce, and there is room for improvement.

Well, having finally got my dwelling into some kind of order, I and my British and old American household gods proceeded to keep house together.

This brings me to the question of English and American domestic service. It is an article of faith that America being the home of the free (and independent), before long there will be no servants there, only "missesses." It is not quite so bad, by any means. To be sure, wages are much higher, but the American servant does twice the work of an English servant. The average American family keeps two servants and a man who comes in twice a day to "tend" the furnace—the central stove which heats the entire house. The cook gets £50 a year, the housemaid £40, and the man who gets neither food nor lodging £18; the total is £108, which includes the baking of all the bread and the doing of the weekly laundry for the entire house, the only additional expenses being for coal and soap.

Now for the wages in an English family of the same standing: Cook £35, parlor-maid £25, housemaid £20, char-boy £8, and £50 to the laundry for work which is quite disgraceful. The sum total is £138, which does not include the feeding of an additional person, and a servant's board is a greater expense than her wages. Distinctly the economy is on the American side.

That the servant business is a trade was impressed on me for the first time by my very intelligent English cook. Each English servant has her trade which she knows, and she declines to meddle with what she does not understand, for which reason the dividing lines are rather strictly laid down. It was something I had to learn so as not to call on one servant to do the duties of another. Our American servants are more liberal, but now I realize that a good English servant is not so much an amateur as an American, but unless you wish to be unpleasantly enlightened as mistress, you must learn her line of duty well. To keep house one must have servants, and in a strange place the first problem is how to get them. Supposing no friend can recommend you one, you are reduced to either advertising or the registry office. Registry offices, through which the majority of sufferers get their "help," riot in ungodly prosperity. They have managers and clerks like a bank, and, like other corporations, they have no souls. If you are a meek lady they snub you, and if you are undecided they give you bad advice. At any rate they take your fee whether you get a servant or not. It

seems to me as if a certain amount of honesty should obtain even in this business, and I protest when I pay five shillings for the mere joy of talking to a stately female who pockets my fee, and is the presiding goddess in the generally ill-ventilated temple, and who, as soon as my fee is safe, takes no further earthly interest in me. In Boston I paid two shillings, but not until I was really suited with a servant. The methods of English registry offices seem to me the brazenest kind of piracy. Why don't English women rebel? Are they not the daughters and wives of grumbler, and probably the mothers also? However, fate was kind to me, and I got three servants, two of good village families, while the superior cook was the legacy of a brilliant woman, a good deal of whose wisdom I have since got at second-hand.

In the economy of the universe I know that there is a serving class, but we people of New England are not glib in the use of the word "servant." Do we not call them "helps" (in the country) when the expression is base flattery? Here, class distinctions have put the matter on a practical footing—servants are servants and recognize themselves as such, and have that outward and visible sign of well-trained domestics which the Irish girl, direct from her paternal pigsty, scorns in New York. "You must not think," said my intelligent cook, "that we don't have our feelings as much as you." There it was, and she put herself as a matter of course on quite a different plane of human beings; the American servant, on the other hand, would consider herself of the same class, but ill-used by circumstances. I always remember what a clever woman once said to me, "You can't expect all the Christian virtues in the kitchen for five dollars a week!" But we do expect it. Perhaps the most precious gift given to me when I left Boston was this advice: "Don't see too much." Servants are like children: to keep them under control you must impress them. They object to a mistress who is too clever with her hands, but they like her praise. An American servant does not lose respect for a mistress who, if necessary, can "lend a hand," but the English servant sees in such readiness a distinct loss of dignity. Many a time have my American servants seen me on the top of a step-ladder doing something that required more intelligence than strength, and they have respected my power to "do," but here something keeps me from the top of the step-ladder—instinct probably. An American treats her servants more considerately than an Englishwoman. I am conscious that I save my servants too much; often (I confess it with shame) I run down a flight or two to meet them, and I am quite sure that the more I do the more unwilling and ungrateful they become.

My three English servants, a boy, and the weekly laundry doing now the work of two American servants, I proceed. I have mentioned a vital and nearly fatal subject—the laundry. In London it is awful but inevitable, and I do not wonder any more at the stupendous dirt of the lower classes. Are their things ever washed, and if so who pays? After much observation I have decided that they make up by a liberal use of starch what they lack in soap and water and "elbow-grease." Language fails an American direct from the land of clear skies, sunshine and soap and water, when he contemplates the harrowing results of steam laundries. Really the most expensive of luxuries in London is to keep clean. When on Sunday afternoons I see in Kensington Gardens a poor infant with a terribly starched dirty cap on its head (in the form of a muffin), enveloped in an equally dirty and starched cape, and carried by a small girl in fearfully starched and dingy petticoats, I recognize maternal pride which rises superior to London dirt. I am the client of a "model" laundry which sends our linen back a delicate pearl-gray. We call it affectionately the "muddle" laundry, and it

costs us one pound a week to keep up to the pearl-gray standard. I wish we could go back to the days of chain-armor! What remedy? I don't know, except country laundries for the rich and great, and no help for the poor! The only result of soft coal and dire necessity is the excellence and cheapness of the cleansing establishments, without which the long suffering householder would indeed sit in sackcloth and ashes!

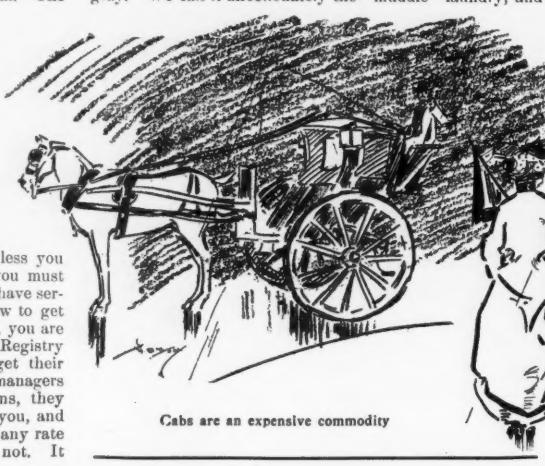
My one aim in furnishing our little house has been to keep the rooms free from all unnecessary draperies, which are merely traps for dust. It is hard for me to curb my feminine taste, which runs to sofa cushions and Oriental nooks lighted by Venetian lamps, but the exigencies of the London climate make me strictly Colonial (New England Colonial), and I can look into every corner—blessed privilege. The laundry being an accepted evil, one institution I willingly proclaim cheap—the scrubwoman, who gets 2s. 6d. a day. Why don't all English scrubwomen emigrate to the States in a body? They would get from six to eight shillings a day, overtime overpay.

Coming to the details of housekeeping. The custom here is that tradesmen call for orders. That also obtains in America, but plenty of ladies there go to the markets and select and order for themselves, which is distinctly more economical. Here, as the result of inadequate storage room, the expense of ice, and the by no means common use of the ice-box, there is not much food kept in the house, and I think the laying in of a good supply once or twice a week, if the mistress understands ordering and goes where she pleases, is undoubtedly cheaper than a daily ordering of driblets. It is the same with groceries, and these should be kept under lock and key! To the American that is not only an impossibility, it is nearly an insult, and I know of not a single American housekeeper who weighs out the groceries and other articles to be used week by week. It seems to me to start the mutual relationship of mistress and maid on a basis of suspicion. It is useless to give a tabulated list of values where prices fluctuate. I simply compare the differences as I have found them in my own little house-keeping.

Meat, with the exception of fillet and sirloin, is dearer here, and so is poultry. Groceries are about the same, but coffee and flour are dearer. So are butter and eggs. Milk is the same, but tea, so dear to the English heart, is so cheap that one can undermine one's nervous system at a very small expense. Vegetables are good and cheap, but there is little variety, while fruit is dear. I miss the ordinary cheap, good fruits. The California grapes and the Concords with their clusters of deep blue berries, a five-pound basket of which only cost a shilling. They were first grown in the old New England town that Emerson made famous. As for apples, pears and peaches, they are among the cheap fruits over the sea, and I maintain their superiority to their English kin. What oranges equal the Floridas? The "Shaddock," the so-called "grape-fruit," is only just making its conquering way into the English shops. If, as it is claimed, it is the forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden, Eve is nearly justified! Yes, there are many good things in the States and at reasonable prices. I have only to think of the divine "sweet corn" and "squash" and "sweet potatoes," and even the modest white bean from which all New England makes its national dish of "pork and beans." Fish there is in great variety in London, but that I also find dear. How is it possible for me to live in a land where lobsters and oysters are a luxury and not a necessity? Only a housekeeper knows what a refuge in trouble they are—when an unexpected visitor turns up. Is not the good, old-fashioned oyster stew nearly an American national dish? But it could only reach perfection in that blessed land where to eat oysters is not to suck a copper key, and where they exist in regal profusion. I look with scorn at the measly little lobsters for each of which the fishmonger demands three ridiculous shillings instead of 1s. 3d. My heart longs for lobster à la Newburg till I remember that it takes three of these poor creatures to make the dish—nine shillings! So I continue to yearn and keep my nine shillings. I cannot, however, leave the subject without expressing my hearty admiration for the beauty of the English fish shops and butcher shops. To see a fish shop in London is to see a trade haloed over with poetry. If I were a fishmonger I would sit among my stock in trade and be inspired. The fishmonger is an artist; he constructs pictures of still-life which would have revelations to the

harrowing results of the steam laundries

Milk is the same, but tea, so dear to the English heart, is so cheap that one can undermine one's nervous system at a very small expense. Vegetables are good and cheap, but there is little variety, while fruit is dear. I miss the ordinary cheap, good fruits. The California grapes and the Concords with their clusters of deep blue berries, a five-pound basket of which only cost a shilling. They were first grown in the old New England town that Emerson made famous. As for apples, pears and peaches, they are among the cheap fruits over the sea, and I maintain their superiority to their English kin. What oranges equal the Floridas? The "Shaddock," the so-called "grape-fruit," is only just making its conquering way into the English shops. If, as it is claimed, it is the forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden, Eve is nearly justified! Yes, there are many good things in the States and at reasonable prices. I have only to think of the divine "sweet corn" and "squash" and "sweet potatoes," and even the modest white bean from which all New England makes its national dish of "pork and beans." Fish there is in great variety in London, but that I also find dear. How is it possible for me to live in a land where lobsters and oysters are a luxury and not a necessity? Only a housekeeper knows what a refuge in trouble they are—when an unexpected visitor turns up. Is not the good, old-fashioned oyster stew nearly an American national dish? But it could only reach perfection in that blessed land where to eat oysters is not to suck a copper key, and where they exist in regal profusion. I look with scorn at the measly little lobsters for each of which the fishmonger demands three ridiculous shillings instead of 1s. 3d. My heart longs for lobster à la Newburg till I remember that it takes three of these poor creatures to make the dish—nine shillings! So I continue to yearn and keep my nine shillings. I cannot, however, leave the subject without expressing my hearty admiration for the beauty of the English fish shops and butcher shops. To see a fish shop in London is to see a trade haloed over with poetry. If I were a fishmonger I would sit among my stock in trade and be inspired. The fishmonger is an artist; he constructs pictures of still-life which would have revelations to the



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greatest of Dutch masters, and the same I can say of the butchers' shops. In America our fish shops are devoid of poetry—the only compensation being to see the mountainous piles of oysters, ready to be opened, and innumerable great green lobsters.

To one item of American economy I wish to return with added stress; that is, the baking of bread in each house. This household bread, if well made, is delicious, substantial, and economical. Usually the cook bakes twice a week, and besides that she is expected to have ready for breakfast either fresh baked "biscuits" (scones), "muffins," or "popovers." The yearly allowance of flour for each person is one barrel, and I reckon the expense to be about one-half what bread costs here. The English "double-decker" is a fearful and wonderful production that errs on the side of heaviness, just as the American baker's bread errs on the side of frivolous lightness and nourishes like froth.

Whenever I hear Americans proclaim the cheapness of a visit to London I have without exception discovered that they live here as they would not dream of living at home, where, should they take lodgings in the same economic manner they could live quite as cheaply. Another inexpensive commodity—which becomes very expensive in the end—is cabs. There is no doubt that they are cheap, and the fatal result is that they are used to an extent which makes them a serious item of expense to a family of moderate means. In America we pay 2s. each for a short drive in that stately vehicle called a "hack," and the price is prohibitive for an average family except on "occasions." So cab fares are not a serious item in domestic expenses.

From experience, I believe that the United States have a very unmerited reputation for expense. Live well, even if not ostentatiously, in London, and it costs fully as much as in New York or Boston—more than it costs in Boston. I do not judge by millionaires or beggars, for both are independent of statistics, but by the middle classes. Houses are here singularly devoid of comforts, and, taking the same income, I should say a middle-class American family could live there as cheaply as here, but with more comfort, and when it comes to schooling for children, an item to which I have not alluded, with infinitely greater advantages.

In writing down these desultory reflections, I have been actuated by the thought that what I have learned may be of use to some puzzled American creature, who, having married an Englishman, proposes, with only American standards to guide her, to live in England. She must not believe, as I was told, that an American income will go one-third further here. It won't. She must be prepared to accept other methods.

How I wish I could clap a big, stolid, conservative, frostbitten English matron into a snug American house, with a furnace, and heaps of closet room, and all sorts of bells and lifts and telephones, and then force her to tell me the absolute, unvarnished truth! What would she say? I know!

In conclusion, I wonder if I, as an exiled American sister, might make a plea to my American brethren? It is this, that when they send me their wedding invitations, as well as others, printed on their swellest "Whiting" paper, they will kindly put on enough postage?

Why should I have to pay five pence on each joyful occasion? On some, bristling with pasteboard, I have even had to pay ten pence—why add this pang to exile?

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We concluded that coffee was slowly poisoning us and stopped it and used hot water. We felt somewhat better, but it wasn't satisfactory. Finally, we saw Postum Coffee advertised, and bought a package. I followed directions for making carefully, allowing it to boil twenty minutes after it came to the boiling point, and added cream, which turned it to the loveliest rich looking and tasting drink I ever saw served at any table, and we have used Postum ever since. I gained five pounds in weight in as many weeks, and now feel well and strong in every respect. My headaches have gone, and I am a new woman. My husband's indigestion has left him, and he can now eat anything." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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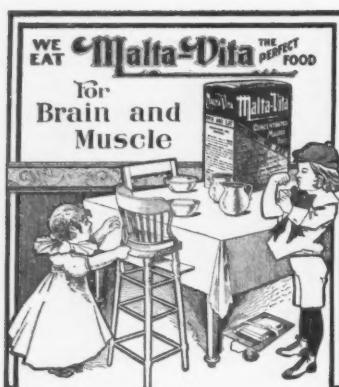
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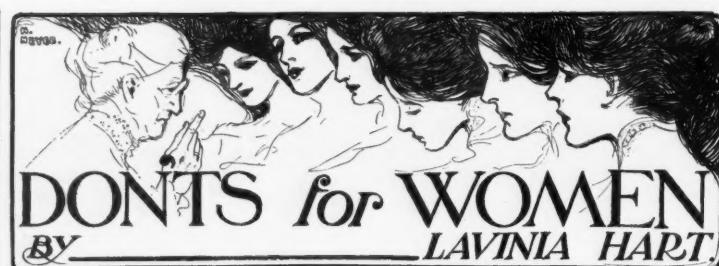
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## I—"Don't Marry Because You Are Asked"

"In buying horses and in choosing a wife, shut your eyes tight and command yourself to God."—TUSCAN PROVERB.

IT WILL be noted that the wise man of Tuscany confined his advice to his own sex. For this he had reasons. Wise men always have reasons. Perhaps he knew the other sex so little he dared not offer it advice. Perhaps he knew it so well he believed a man could not draw a blank, even with his eyes closed. Or, perhaps he was a conscientious wise man, who knew very well his own sex, and shrank from decoying the helpless feminine bluffed to the sacrifice. We will give the philosopher of Tuscany the benefit of the doubt and credit him with the last-named sentiment, with which we entirely agree.

Lime-light or no light may be sufficient for the man on marrying bent. That is a problem with which the wise ones of his sex may wrestle. But when our girls consider their proposals let there be sunlight—morning sunlight, if you please—and wide-open eyes, straight-focused and far-seeing. Let there be no hidden places whose trapdoors shall catch them after marriage and impede their progress. A bad road is not half so bad if the danger spots are lighted. A bad man may make a good husband if the woman he marries has discovered his shortcomings and resolved to cope with them. Few men acknowledge or even realize their own shortcomings. So there is no cause for wonder when the women they love place upon them a valuation almost equal to their own. A man cannot be accused of malice aforethought for deceiving the girl he marries about his temper if he thinks his temper is angelic. Nor can he be said to purposely hide his vices from her if he believes, as most men do, that he's a great deal better than lots of other fellows he knows.

The thing for the marrying girl to do is to keep her eyes wide open and take stock. There would not be so many violent awakenings after marriage if there were fewer deep sleeps before it. Do you know why half the marriages are failures? For the reason that five out of ten women marry simply because they are asked. They accept the first proposal that comes their way, and endeavor to justify its acceptance on various grounds.

The romantic girl thinks that the first Lochinvar who comes out of the West must be her affinity. She is too young and too romantic to appreciate that affinities are the product of art rather than nature. The practical girl thinks the West may never give up another, so she accepts him to make sure. She overlooks the fact that the girl who is attractive to a few men will be attractive to many. The types of men who admire are as limited as the types of girls who attract. The practical girl also overlooks the modern alternatives offered by club life, the purification of politics or a career—any of which would be better than a bad marriage, as it could not directly result in the wasting of more than one life.

Then there is the abnormally vain girl, whose vanity is so touched by a proposal that all the rest of her senses are tickled into insensibility. Lochinvar has chosen her from all the world of girls. Therefore she must be, at least in his opinion, superior to all other girls on earth. There's a satisfaction about a proposal, regardless of its market value, that amounts to an intoxicant if the girl be vain. Surely a proposal is a

compliment! Whether the man be worthy or worthless, he has a certain value to himself. He is willing (at least theoretically) to give up his freedom, to share his income and to relinquish the chance of doing better. Even when he is fairly sure of a refusal he takes a risk—and that's something.

There never was a woman who was not more or less pleased by a proposal. It's right that she should be. But it isn't necessary to be pleased into accepting it. A proposal surrounded by the dim lights and rubber plants of a conservatory is one thing. Considered before breakfast the next morning it is a different thing. A proposal that will stand the acid of the next morning's sunlight has virtue in it. The sidelights that modify the compliment of proposal never penetrate the foliage of the conservatory. It would indeed be a practical maiden who thought of Lochinvar's poverty and papa's "pile" while the band played "Love's Dream After the Ball," or of the influence of mamma's position on the clientele of a young practitioner with a limited list.

So many foreign substances enter into the motives of men who propose. There is the man who marries to please his mother, and the man who marries because he is getting along and thinks it's a good thing to do. There's the man who marries for spite and succeeds in spiting himself, and the man who is looking for a housekeeper, who proposes to the girl who looks domestic but couldn't boil an egg. There is also the man who has sown his wild oats and seeks to evade the harvest by marrying and settling down. And there is that most frequent exponent of "Every man for his own," who, without regard for his own qualifications, asks a girl to marry him because she can make him happy.

In all this list of motives there isn't one which constitutes a good excuse or justifies an acceptance. Indeed, there is but one justification for marriage, which justification is the result of two conditions. First, that the man and the woman love each other, and, second, that they know how to make each other happy. These two conditions appear, on sight, to be the same. On reflection, they are vastly different. Unfortunately, being loved is not always being made happy, and the fact that one loves another does not necessarily qualify one to make that other happy. There are men who have been faithfully fond of their wives, yet those wives have died of heart hunger. There are men who say "I love you" when they propose and never repeat it. Now, the most ardent proposal will grow shopworn if its memory must do service over a period of several decades.

Congeniality of temperament, likeness of tastes, sympathy in the mental and moral standards and in the practical aims that actuate every-day living—these, with the largest growth of unselfishness a lover can cultivate, constitute the fuel that nourishes Love and makes its continuance possible.

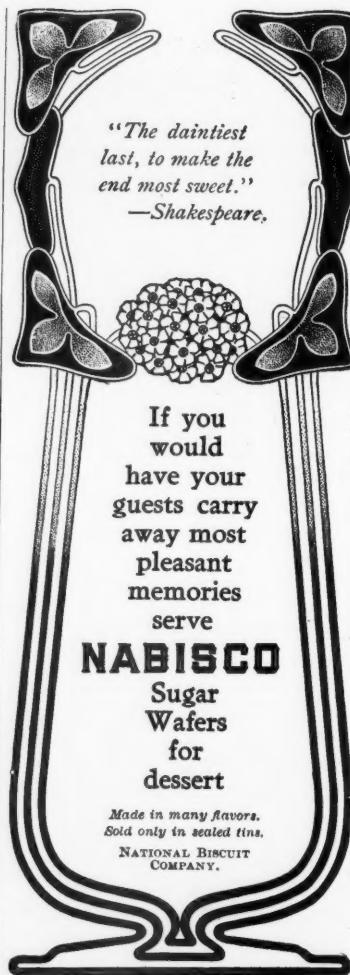
To love is not sufficient. To love, to understand, and, understanding, to act—there is the basis for true marriage. Until women come to realize the difference between true marriage and mock marriage, until they are ready to demand all and give all, they will probably keep right on marrying because they are asked.

Meantime, for the awakening girl of the period who is beginning vaguely to wonder why ideals cannot be practically applied, here is a golden rule that can never lead her far astray: When in doubt, say "No."

## THE CRAZE FOR GREEN

EVERY SEASON brings with it some fad in feminine fashion. Sometimes the fad does not take, and, again, it becomes the rage. The latter is the case, as far as the craze for green is concerned, this summer. In the recollection of modistes and milliners, no color has ever swept so like a tidal wave over superstition and prejudice.

It is a well-known fact that green has long been considered an unlucky color—perhaps by its association with the downtrodden Emerald Isle—and there were any number of women who would no more have a green room, a green bonnet or gown than they would have peacock feathers around. It is also acknowledged to be a most trying and unbecoming color, and one which needs the freshest and clearest complexion to be able to wear it with any chance of enhancement.



"The daintiest  
last, to make the  
end most sweet."  
—Shakespeare.

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would  
have your  
guests carry  
away most  
pleasant  
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#### Travel Like Princes

Those who saw the special train in which H. R. H. Prince Henry of Prussia made his tour of the United States are comparing it with other trains in regular service, and it is admitted that none of the cars in the train compare favorably with the buffet, compartment and standard sleeping cars of the Pioneer Limited trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway in daily service between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis. The people of this country have the satisfaction of knowing that at any time they cannot only travel like Princes, but can get much better service.

the prematurely gray-haired matron. It seems to lend a brighter shimmer to the golden tresses of the blonde, a richer gloss to the raven locks of the brunette, and it certainly brings out the silvery sheen of gray hair and freshens the peculiarly pretty pink and white complexion which usually accompanies hair whitened before the age limit.

The greatest proof of its popularity lies in the green parasols which women are brave enough to carry.

One afternoon lately a pretty girl entered a street car. She was a vision. Her gown of green voile was profusely trimmed with yellow lace and narrow black velvet. Her hat had one of the long green ostrich plumes which are the latest; over this was a fleecy white veil; then a green one with large white chenille dots.

At the other end of the car sat two Irish laborers. They stared at the girl, not insolently, but rather admiringly. They seemed to approve of her, and it was interesting to watch the expression on their faces.

"Begorra, Pat," said one, "have ye noticed how much green is worn by the ladies? Why is it, I wonder?"

"Sure, don't you know, Mike? It is by order of King Edward. He wants to be friends with Ireland, and so he told the Queen to say that green must be the fashion."

And Pat's words may have more significance than would seem probable on the surface. It is certainly a strange coincidence, that the year a king of England was to have been crowned should see the true Irish green, by order of Dame Fashion, the modish shade.

## A HOME-MADE BATHING SUIT

By ROSA E. PAYNE

### SECOND PAPER: CUTTING OUT AND MAKING

The first paper, giving full instructions as to how to cut out the pattern for the bathing suit, was published last week.

HAVING cut the pattern and procured the materials, the next step is to cut out the suit to the best possible advantage. Diagram VI. shows how to do this. First—cut the front and back for blouse, and the front portion for the skirt, from the material folded down the half-width as when purchased, placing the centre back, and the skirt centre front, respectively to the fold.

These pieces cut, open out the remainder of the material to its full width, and fold it end to end. Then place the bloomer pattern, the rest of the skirt and the sleeve pattern on, as illustrated; cut them out without wasting any cloth or cutting off ends, as the remnant is required to cut the collar facing, if possible, all in one piece. Diagram VIII. shows the remnant opened out, folded the lengthwise way, and a pattern (cut for the collar facing from the blouse) laid on with the centre back to a fold. This is the best that can be done, and that one of the ends requires joining to make the required length does not matter in the least, as it is inside the blouse. Diagram VII. shows how to cut the trimmings to shape out of the yard of 30-inch-wide piqué. The proper turnings to the various edges are—half-inches for ordinary ones; one and one-half inches at knees for hemming over elastic.

To make the Suit.—Commence with the bloomers. Stitch and fell the leg seams; join the two together, leaving an opening in front, above the notch on diagram. Hem a small square of linen diagonally over the inside of the corner where the four seams meet to make it secure. Tack up the darts and try on—or stitch and fell them right away; the extra dart also, if added. The fulness at the back waist is disposed of in a box-plat. Place a false hem under the right side of the front opening, and add a fly-wrap to the left one. Join the elastics to quite an easy size for above the knee, and hem the edges of the bloomers over them. Press all the seams and edges.

Next proceed with the blouse. Stitch and fell the seams, not forgetting to stitch the collar to the revers above the shoulder seam (and also the back neck), with the turnings to the outside, pressing the seams open, and quite flat. Place the collar facing, which is to set on the upper side when finished, wrong side out under the collar, stitch the edges of the collar and the facing together, and turn it right side out. See that the outer edge is folded nicely sharp, and press it to that effect; then hem the inner edge of facing, thus making all neat. Lay the band of piqué (which has previously been carefully joined diagonally at the corners, to exactly fit the collar) in position, and stitch it along each of its edges to the collar.

Join the sleeve seams, stitching and fell them. Turn up the lower edge to the outside and put the trimming band over the turning. Place the sleeve in the armhole, with its seam at two and one-half inches in front of the side seam of blouse. Take care

to place the correct part of sleeve to the under part of armhole. It is so easy to make a mistake in this that it is as well to place some distinctive mark before joining the sleeves up, as a preventative to putting them in wrong. This will save much time.

Bind the armhole seams with ribbon or linen tape. Sew one end of the ribbon tie on the outside, and the other on the inside, to the seam at the shoulder-tip; tie them and secure the bow. Insert the waist edge of the bloomers into the lower edge of a band, and the blouse (with the fulness at back and front gathered) into its upper edge, making the front edges of the blouse overlap in continuation with the fronts of bloomers. Work buttonholes all down the false hem edge and sew buttons on to the seam of fly-wrap to meet them.

To make the skirt entails very little work if it is cut circular, and it is prettier so when new. But cutting it into gores, in which case each seam has a straight edge stitched to a bias one, and thereby holding it, will preserve its shape better.

For the circular one, add the extra pieces required to make out the width; these, being selvage seams, need only notching and pressing open. Then stitch the back one up, carrying a very narrow tape along in the stitching, and, after pressing the turnings open, make them neat by hemming a strip of binding flat over them. If the skirt is in several parts, stitch the seams, turn the edges to one side as for fellings and stitch again. Make the placket at the left side of front, adding a fly-wrap to the one, and a false hem under the other, edges. Sew buttons on the inside of the false hem; make buttonholes in the fly-wrap, so that it will fasten inward instead of outward.

Next turn up the lower edge and stitch the trimming band on. Set the waist edge into a band composed of piqué on the outside, and linen or material for the inner one. Mitre it at the end that fastens over and stitch the edges to match the trimming bands. The skirt may be made to button to the under part if desired, but this is, as a rule, only necessary for very straight figures.

The vest front is so simple I have not mentioned it in detail. After trimming turn in the edges, and either face or hem them. Secure the right side to the blouse and make the left one button through under the collar. You will now have a very serviceable and attractive bathing suit, made at small expense.

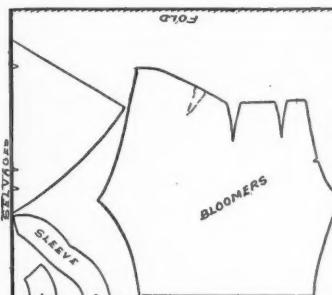


Diagram VI.

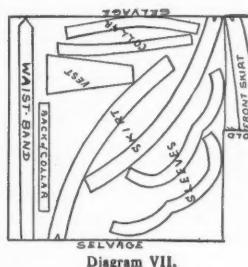


Diagram VII.

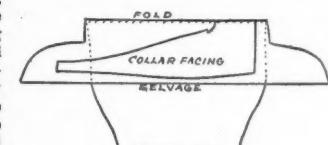


Diagram VIII.

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# MINING GOLD on the SURFACE

by Foster Carter.

**L**EAVE the Southern Pacific at Yuma, Arizona, follow the wagon road twenty miles north and you will at last emerge from the mountain passes into a great natural basin in San Diego County, California. This is the Picacho Basin, where lies buried in quantities incalculable the greatest thing in the world, bar health and love. Here Gieed may dig up her idol and Avarice recognize her Mecca. For here Mother Earth has a pocketful of that metal of yellow glut for which nations war, for which fathers and sons and the daughters of Eve tear their way through life. On this spot is the gleaming goal of Gain. Gold, all gold—in this instance filling a basin mountain-rimmed and miles wide. For here are the largest and most valuable low-grade gold mines now known to geologists or investors—The California King Gold Mines.



The feature of paramount importance in this consideration of the California King Gold Mines is the method of mining. This is open cut mining. Probably for twenty-five years to come this method will be followed at these mines. It is and will be cheaper than any other way of gathering gold-laden earth. Into open cuts the narrow-gauge railroad is built, steam carriers, or shovels, being used to load the ore on the side dump cars. All this at nominal cost. On the ledge, 400 x 2,000 feet, above-mentioned, the open cut will have a face of 40 x 400 feet to start with, and as the ore is removed will increase to 200 x 400 feet. The open cuts in the other mines will be relatively the same.

The transportation of the ore over the five miles from the mines to the mill costs less than five cents a ton. At the mill the ore is dumped and passed through rolls and the cyanide tanks automatically, the improved machinery now in use doing away with most of the labor of handling. It is an established fact that mines of this class have been about the only permanently profitable gold mining property yet found. Never has a high-grade gold ore continued to pay for many years. Witness great rich



streaks like the Stratton's Independence and other Cripple Creek mines, and the Idaho in California! They paid large dividends, to be sure, but for a short time only; not one of them held great values for any considerable depth. Every few weeks we hear talk of the Cripple Creek mines "playing out," and stocks rise and fall accordingly.

As for the total cost—with the conditions of open cut work just mentioned; with ample water facilities furnished by the Colorado River, on which steamers run regularly from January to December; with hardwood to be had at only \$3 a cord and a fifty-year abundant supply of the same; with the best of labor readily available at wages much lower than are paid further North—the mining and milling of the ore from these mines, including expenses of administration and all other possible demands upon the treasury, will not exceed 75c. or 80c. a ton.

So much for the average cost. What about the average value? Estimates made by such eminent mining engineers as J. R. Bell of London, William A. Farish, J. L. Sheppard, Emerson Gee and others place the average value at \$4.00 a ton. The directors, however, anxious to avoid the fault of overstating the value, place their own estimate conservatively at \$3.50 a ton.

After value, quantity. How much ore is in sight? After a careful examination of this property by R. C. Du Bois, H. M. Gorham, Samuel L. Jones and George Paymal, all mining engineers of distinction, and experienced miners besides, an estimate of the ore in sight to be mined by open cuts was placed at 14,900,000 tons, thus being the figure given by Mr. Du Bois. According to the very lowest possible estimate, say 10,000,000 tons, and using 1,000 tons a day, which is the full operating capacity of the mill, the supply of ore now visible, as inferred at the beginning of this story, will last through an entire generation.

Interesting comparisons, all favorable to the California King Gold Mines, may be made with other low-grade mines. For example, the enormous value of the Rand Mines in South Africa is due principally to their large deposits of low-grade ore and the use of the cyanide process in extracting the value therefrom. The same is true of a number of mines on what is known as the Mother Lode in California, where the expense of operation is extremely heavy. This rule also applies to the mines in the Black Hills in South Dakota, notably the Homestake, and to the Alaska Treadwell, the Mexican Alaska and the Alaska Consolidated. The average value of the ore in these several mines—and here is where the favorable comparison begins—can be given as follows: Homestake \$3.75 per ton, Alaska Treadwell \$2.00, Alaska Mexican \$1.40, Consolidated Alaska \$1.55, California King \$3.50 per ton. All the mines mentioned in the comparison have for the last twenty years paid large dividends, returning to their stockholders many times their original investment. The stock of the Homestake is at present selling at \$110.00 per share; the Alaska Treadwell \$32.00 per share.

At the Treadwell mine the cost, covering all expenses for mining and milling during the last six months, was 71 cents per ton, and this in the face of climatic and other difficulties which do not exist at the California King. The last report of the Homestake shows that the cost of mining and milling their ore was about \$1.50 per ton, but a considerable part of this cost is made up by the purchase of water, also the high price of pine wood, \$7.50 per cord; equal to \$15.00 per cord for the iron wood and mesquite that we get at Picacho for \$3.00 per cord. It must be remembered, also, that in all of these mines except the California King, the ore has to be hoisted from shafts, which adds a very large item to the expense of mining as against open-cut work. Every mining man and investor in the

country is acquainted with the character of the Homestake, the Alaska Treadwell and other low-grade gold mines. We may safely repeat that the California Gold King Mines Company has a very large low-grade free milling gold proposition, similar in character to the famous mines just mentioned. To show how well the other low-grade mines have paid their stockholders—the Homestake was first organized with a capitalization of \$10,000,000, which was afterward increased to \$12,500,000, and finally to \$22,000,000. The stock, which was first sold at \$2.00 per share, has a par value at the present time of \$100.00, an increase of 5,000 per cent over the original price. The Homestake has paid its stockholders altogether nearly \$16,000,000 in dividends. Meanwhile the Alaska Treadwell was organized with \$5,000,000 capital stock. The amount of this stock has not been increased, but though it was first sold at \$1.00 per share, the par value of the shares is now \$25.00. A scale recently recorded was at \$32.00 per share, an advance of 3,200 per cent over the original price. This mine has paid over \$4,500,000 in dividends. There is every reason to believe that the California King Gold Mines will easily exceed the records made by the Homestake and the Alaska Treadwell, and thus prove even more satisfactory to its stockholders.

Because of the thorough investigations made by the Company, because of the unequalled facilities which the Company possesses for mining and extracting the value, and because of the present generally favorable business conditions, the certainty of annual profits of 20 or 25 per cent upon the price the stock is offered for, and the assurances of experts that such profits will be continued for many years from now in sight, and because of the knowledge the officials of the Company have, not only of this mine, but of all similar properties in the United States, this stock, offered for subscription at present at \$3.00 per share, or \$2.00 less than the par value, is beyond adventure a safe and conservative investment for the small investor as well as for the professional capitalist. Says Major H. G. Catlin, one of the best known mining engineers in this country: "I can say that I know of no equally large bodies of ore as those your surface work shows—and I am acquainted with all the larger gold-bearing ore bodies of this continent. Assuming, as you must, the reliability of your ore values (for such averages could not have been more closely, thoroughly and correctly obtained than they have been by the many very competent engineers whose professional reputations vouch for their accuracy) the enormous quantity of your ore, the cheapness of mining and reduction, resulting in part from natural conditions, and partly from the size and completeness of your plant, make a safe basis for the most considerable, permanent and profitable mining in America."

In summing up the situation the facts may be stated as follows: The net profit from 10,000,000 tons of ore in sight insures dividends to the stockholders of the Company aggregating more than four times the Company's capital stock. The plant itself is entirely completed and in running order, and will treat, as before mentioned, 1,000 tons of ore every day, making a net profit of \$2,000 per day, or \$600,000 per year, thus enabling the Company to pay 12 per cent dividends upon the par value of the stock, or 20 per cent upon the price at which it is offered for subscription.

There is not a dollar of bonded indebtedness demanding interest, nor a single share of preferred stock standing between any stockholder and his fair share of the profits. No stockholder assumes any personal responsibility whatever for the obligations of the company. Moreover, the subscribers to this stock pay their money into the treasury of an enterprise in which they are part owners, to be expended directly on the property in which they share. This means

that not a cent paid for the stock reaches a private pocket. For the Company is neither selling a mine nor raising money to develop a mine. Obviously, here is an original mining proposition, something different, not so one-sided as those usually presented.

A word or two about the official personnel of the Company. The colleagues of Senator Jones, the President, on the Board of Directors, include a number of men of high standing in the world of finance and business. There is, for instance, Ex-United States Senator Pettigrew of South Dakota, who in a letter to the stockholders last April said: "I believe that large dividends will be earned and paid within a very few months. No timbering will be required for years, and the ore will yield more per ton in gold than the famous Homestake Mines of my own State."

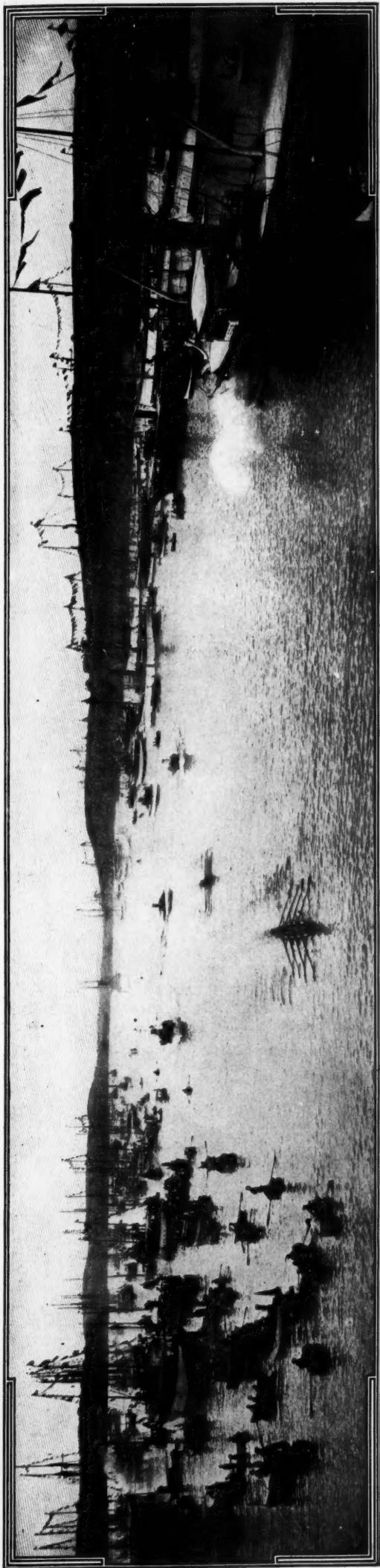
Other members of the Board of Directors



are Ex-United States Senator Chas. A. Towne of New York, Hon. Silas B. Dutcher, President of the Hamilton Trust Co., of Brooklyn; Jacob E. Ridgway, President of the Quaker City National Bank, and Joseph M. Gazzam, Vice-President of the same institution, of Philadelphia; Hon. Ashley W. Cole, Chairman of the Board of New York State Railroad Commissioners; John I. Bishop, civil engineer and a Director of the Pittsburg Coal Co.; Hon. Willard Teller, the leading lawyer of Denver; Stilson Hutchins, publisher and mine owner, and James R. McCortney, iron manufacturer, both of Washington, D. C.—names that stand individually for all that is substantial and of good report in matters of finance.

Photographs, maps, reports, subscription forms, etc., and all further information regarding the limited amount of stock in the California King Gold Mines Company, now offered at \$3.00 per share, par value \$5.00, will be furnished by the fiscal agents, Messrs. William A. Mears & Company, 1137 Broad Exchange Building, New York, and 1137 Land Title Building, Philadelphia, to whose order all remittances should be made by New York draft or certified check.—Adv.





Yale winning. Finish of the Yale-Harvard Race at New London, June 26

## SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

Edited by WALTER CAMP

### Yale Freshmen

**YALE-HARVARD** and under the eye of the Chief Executive of the country, the Yale crew made good its title to this year's rowing supremacy over Harvard by defeating the crimson crew on the Thames at New London on Thursday, June 26, by some four boat lengths.

As was stated in this column some weeks ago, if the conditions had been at their best—that is, if the race had been rowed at half-past four o'clock—records would probably have been swept away by both crews. The Yale crew rowed the course in 20 minutes and 20 seconds, and that is within ten seconds of the record for the four miles in New London, while the Harvard crew was within a scant four lengths behind at the finish.

Both crews had in private practice made time rows which showed either that the prevailing conditions at New London this season were especially and continually favorable to fast time, or else that the two crews were better than any the two universities had sent out for some time.

The race was especially creditable to the losers, in that, before coming down to the river, they were manifestly out-classed, but their improvement since reaching New London has been such as to change them from a rather medium eight to a fast one.

The weather conditions of the night before the race were especially threatening. It rained during the night and was raining in the early morning. But this would not have affected the spirits of the officials or the crews, had it not been for the fact that a strong breeze had sprung up with every indication that it would last through the day. By eleven o'clock it was blowing hard enough to make whitecaps all along the river, and the water was lumpy. The university race was to be preceded by the substitute four-oar and the freshman. The substitute four were to row the first two miles of the course at two o'clock, the freshmen the last two miles at three, and the varsity race was scheduled for four.

At one o'clock the wind was still blowing fiercely and the course was badly churned up.

The referee, Mr. Meikleham, however, notified the fours to be in readiness, and as their part of the course, especially the first mile of it, was very sheltered, he, in spite of the pretty strong protesting tone in the Harvard launch, ordered the fours out and started them off at a little before three.

Yale got the better of the start by about a quarter of a boat length, but Harvard speedily pulled this

the wind dropped very fast, and by twenty minutes past four the water was in very fair condition. By half-past four the entire course was smoothed out, the wind having lost all its strength. At this time, with the tide running like a mill-stream, any crew that got into the channel and kept the boat going as those two eights could, ought to have made a record that would stand for some time. However, the notice had been given and the observation train steamed back to New London, and there was nothing for it but to wait until six o'clock. The general understanding was that the freshman race would be postponed until Friday, but, when the weather conditions looked so favorable to starting the university race, the two official boats ran up the course, notifying the yachts to get off the varsity at four o'clock. Notice was therefore given to the yachts and to the observation train, and at four o'clock Mr. Meikleham, in the *Scout*, ran up to the station. The water was still bad, and he at once decided to postpone the university race until six.

As matters turned out, fifteen minutes' delay in this decision would have brought the races off nearly two hours earlier, for

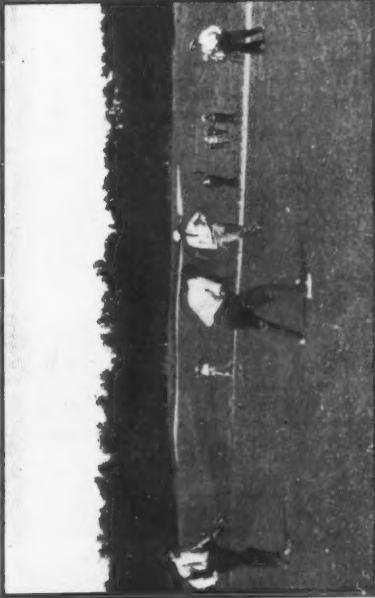
exhorting them to keep in line and not leave their positions. Then, at a quarter of six, the referee's boat ran up to the head of the course and blew the whistle notifying the two crews to get ready.

Harvard's crew responded promptly, bringing its shell out of the boathouse and in a few minutes was paddling slowly over toward the referee's boat. Then it was seen that there was no sign of life at the Yale quarters, and the referee's boat whistled sharply a further notification. Still no sign, and the referee's boat started up toward the Yale quarters, when, just as every one was getting nervous, the Yale crew was seen bringing out its shell to the float. Then the *Scout* steamed over to the Harvard shell and gave final instructions as to how the race would be started. By this time the Yale boat was coming down the river. The referee hereupon repeated his instructions, and both crews rowed over to the starting-point. Then cheers on the observation train broke out to such an extent as to make the Harvard coxswain wave his arms wildly in the air for quiet so that the boats could hear the referee's word. After the referee had turned his megaphone on the observation train and made an urgent request, they quieted down. His first inquiry, "Are you ready?" was followed by a reply of "No, no!" from the Harvard coxswain, as his boat was swung out of line. The next time Mr. Meikleham called out, "Are you ready?" however, both crews were steady as a rock, and he shot them off exactly level.

But the noses of the two boats were not even for more than a fraction of a second, for Harvard, with a tremendous racing start, getting in 21 strokes to the first half-minute, shoved her bow ahead and by the end of this 21 strokes had nearly half a length lead. Yale was, in comparison to this, very deliberate, but for all that rowed in the first half-minute 17 strokes. As soon, however, as both crews were well entered on the race, Harvard rowing at 36 and Yale rowing at 32, it was evident that Yale was holding her own, and as Harvard dropped down to 34 Yale crept steadily up. As the boats came within enlacing distance of the half-mile flag they were as nearly level as it was possible to judge. By the time the flag was reached, however, the Yale shell had stuck its nose out ahead and passed the first mark a quarter of a second to the good.

During the next half-mile it was a fierce race, for Harvard had been determined to keep the lead in the early part of the

### Harvard Freshmen



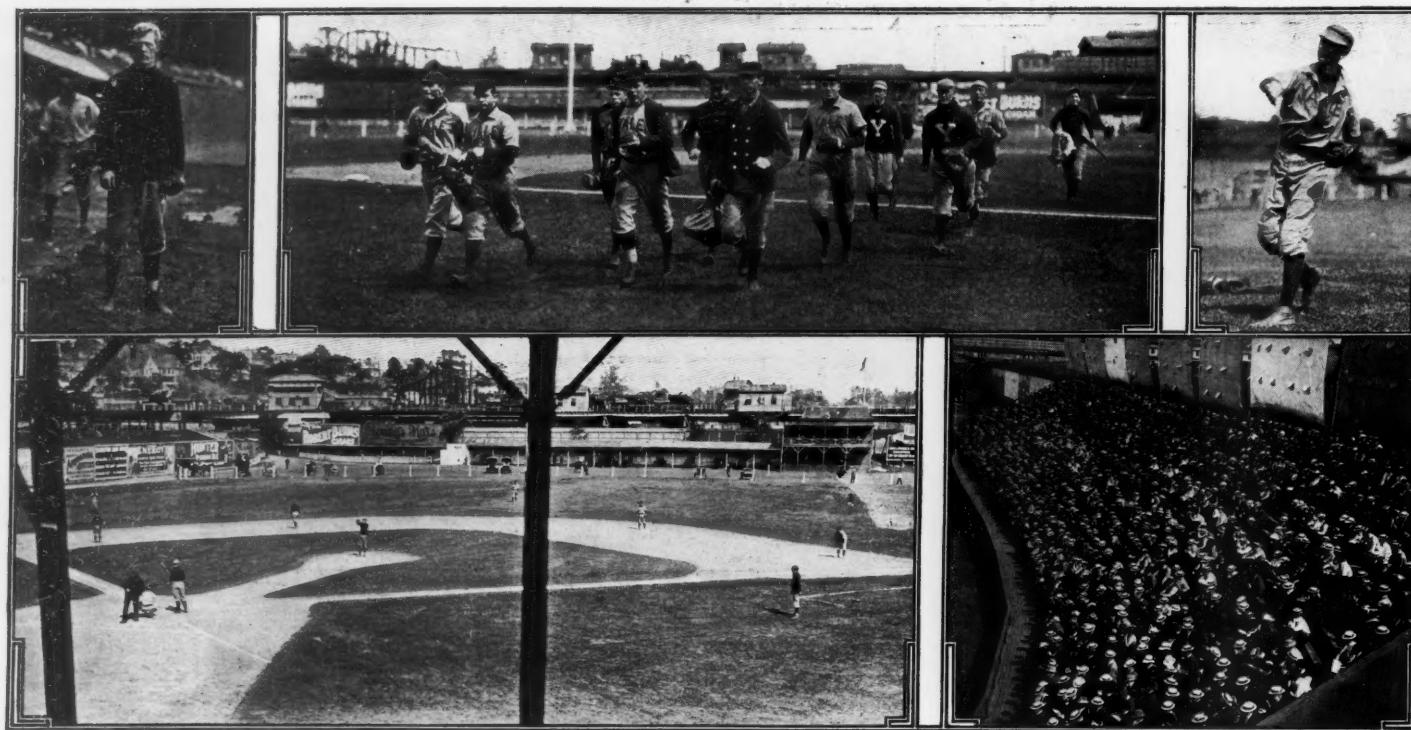
L. H. Conklin Morris County Golf Tournament—On the Fifth Green. Conklin-Reinhart Match

F. O. Reinhart

Clarkson, Harvard Pitcher

Yale Squad running onto the Field

Garvan, Yale Pitcher



SCENES AT THE HARVARD-YALE BASEBALL GAME, POLO GROUNDS, SATURDAY, JUNE 28

race and thus force Yale to a high pace if possible. Yale had rather the better water, and both crews were putting every ounce into the stroke, although keeping it down—Harvard to just under 34 and Yale 31.

During the next half-mile there was almost no perceptible change to one following the two shells from any position, and yet Yale added another half-second to her time gain, passing the mile and a half in 7:37 to Harvard's 7:39½. But on the way to the two-mile flag Yale's power seemed to tell more on Harvard, and the pace that the Crimson men had kept up was beginning to be felt; for Yale added a second and a half to her lead, passing in 10:11 to Harvard's 10:15. From the two to the two and a half mile flag Yale stole out another second in the lead, thus entering the sixth half-mile in 12:12 to Harvard's 12:17.

Try as she would, Harvard could not stop that steady sneaking away of the Yale boat.

Coming to the next flags, the drift of the current, together with the fact that the middle flag was missing, very nearly proved too much for the Harvard coxswain; for his shell veered out toward the stake and it was only by a violent twist of the rudder that he managed to swing the bow clear, and even then two oars struck the stake with a good deal of force. From there to the finish it was all over but the shouting and the cannons of the yachts. Yale spurted with that ease which the winning crew is almost always capable of showing, and came down at the rate of 34, crossing the line in 20:20, and Harvard 13 seconds later.

Then followed a desperate struggle to clear the course for the freshman race, for the government boat *Gresham* had steered down the course, contrary to the instructions of the officials, and the side-wheeler *Starlin*, in an attempt to get down so as to be the first one out at the bridge, was now squarely in the course and drifting aimlessly, in spite of the exhortations of everybody, passengers included. Mr. Curtiss of the Regatta Committee, however, with Mr. Chappell of the New London Committee, labored so energetically that in twenty-five minutes they had everything cleared except the *Starlin*, which was still blocking the way, but which, under the efforts of the harbor master and the order of the government officials, had begun to realize that she ought to move. Then the officials' boat steamed up the stream to notify the referee that it would be safe to start the race, when suddenly some one called, "Here they come!" and, sure enough, the referee, in desperation, had given up waiting for the officials' boat and, fearing that he would never get the crews off that night, gave them the word and trusted in Providence.

Fortunately, the big *Starlin* just pulled across the course in time for the two shells to clear her as they went down. Yale was rowing at 34 and Harvard at 36. Yale having got rather the better of the start, had three-quarters of a length on Harvard at the end of the first half-mile, which was covered in 1:55 to Harvard's 1:57. In the next half-mile both crews slowed down a couple of points, Yale still, however, adding to her lead, passing the mile flag in 4:49 to Harvard's 4:52, and having just about a length over the Crimson shell.

Then in the last mile Harvard commenced to spurt, and, although her boat rolled at times, whenever she did sit on a level keel she pulled down Yale's lead, until at the mile and a half flag she had overtaken Yale and was for the first time in the lead about half a length. Then followed a frantic struggle for home, Harvard rowing 36 and Yale 32. For a moment Yale gained. Down they came, each boat getting its nose in front when the oars were buried and dropping back when the oars were out and the other crew had theirs in the water. It was thus first one shell in front and then the other as they rushed on to the judges' boat, where the two flags which indicate the passing of the two boats flashed down simultaneously, thus ending one of the most exciting freshman races ever seen on the Thames—a tie made in 10:13, two seconds faster than the Harvard varsity crew had rowed their first two miles of the varsity race and two seconds slower than Yale had rowed the same distance.

At the Morris County Golf, Reinhart, the young Princetonian who showed at the intercollegiates by far the easiest swing of any of the contestants and whose strokes, although apparently absolutely careless, are remarkably accurate, beat out the amateur champion, W. J. Travis, by 2 up and 1 to play, and in the afternoon disposed of Louis Bayard on the 19th hole. But this was honor enough for him, and he succumbed to his college mate, Conklin, in the finals.

Before a crowd of ten thousand people at the Polo Grounds on June 28 one of the most exciting ball games of the college season was played between Harvard and Yale.

In the first inning the Yale nine, affected to a degree by enthusiasm, seemed determined, by their extra efforts, to give the game to Harvard then and there. Metcalf, the first Yale batter, tried so hard that he struck out. Wear, the next man, got his base on balls, and Barnwell, usually very sure, put up a fly for the Harvard catcher which Wear

turned into a good sacrifice by taking second after Milne had caught the ball. Cote, eager to bring Wear home, struck out. Then Harvard came to the bat, and overthrows by Barnwell and almost immediately after by Winslow gave Harvard two runs before anybody was out. Then Yale settled down, retired the side and shut out Harvard for five straight innings.

Then commenced another era of run-getting. Yale scored two runs in her half of the seventh and tied the score. But when Harvard came up, Stillman got a base on balls. Skilton sacrificed him to second. Then Matthews, the colored boy, sent a fly to the hitherto absolutely certain freshman left-fielder Cote, who, in his eagerness to hold Stillman on second, muffed the ball and it shot away from him, Skilton coming in and putting Harvard once more in the lead. But Yale responded, put out the side, and, coming to bat, in her half knocked in three runs, putting her in the comfortable position of two runs to the good, and that, too, in the middle of the eighth inning.

The ninth began with a tie and the crowd nearly wild with excitement. Yale went out one, two, three. Harvard came to the bat and Matthews batted a single; Milne bunted to Guernsey, who attempted to catch Matthews at second, but was too late. Matthews got to third on the next hit, and then a long fly to Wear, which, although well caught, was so far out that Matthews had no trouble in beating the ball out at the plate and gave Harvard the winning run, the victory and the series!

**CRESCENT ATHLETIC CLUB** In the Round Robin Tennis Tournament at the Crescent Athletic Club an opportunity was given of seeing some of the old-timers, particularly Hobart, matched up against the modern school. Beals Wright, as a type of the young and aggressive class, proved too much for Hobart when they came together, although the latter at times had Wright decidedly uncomfortable with his long strokes, which used to puzzle so many. The set eventually turned out in Wright's favor, however: 6—4, 8—6. The Wren brothers, although not up to their last year's form, showed very distinctly that they are to be reckoned with, even against the best of the younger school.

In the finals for the third prize, between Holcombe Ward and Clarence Hobart, the former played first-class tennis in the first set, but, by very erratic playing, went down to his opponent in the second and third sets. Hobart, however, was quite the opposite and played steadily, with increasing vigor and accuracy as the game proceeded, finally winning by 2—6, 6—2, and 6—3.

WALTER CAMP.



The Hobart-Ward Match at the Crescent Athletic Club Tournament, Bay Ridge, June 28

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Photograph of baby Jane Isold, Red Oak, Iowa, one year old, weight 32 pounds, raised entirely on *Imperial Granum*. Her mother writes: "We cannot recommend it too highly as our baby owes her life to *Imperial Granum*."

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won the Gold Medal over all other talking machines at Buffalo. It was awarded by eight distinguished judges—confirmed by three more; confirmed again by a final one—a unanimous verdict of superiority by twelve distinguished men. What they found out is exactly what you want to know. They judged it for you. This alone is decisive, but this is not all. The *Victor* is sent on approval. You judge it yourself. Your money back if you want it. *Sousa*, the March King, says: "The *Victor* Talking Machine is all right."

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